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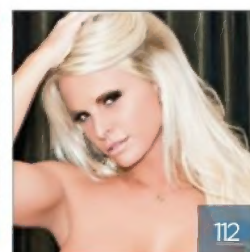
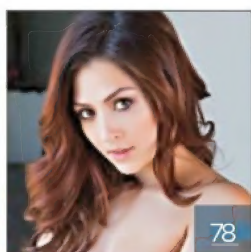
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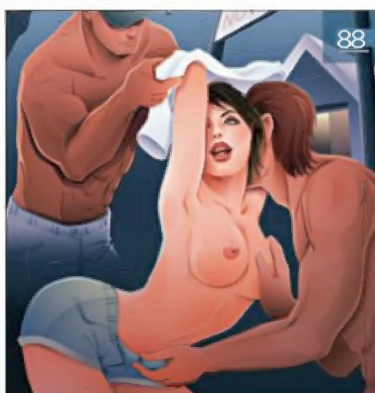
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Whipped and Licked



Last weekend my roommates, Nikki and Sandy, and I threw one of the craziest bridal showers ever for a close friend.

Between the treasure trove of sex toys the bride-to-be received, the nonstop Margaritas, and the three strippers—two men who looked as if they'd stepped right out of *Magic Mike*, and a woman sexy enough to make me wet after just one lap dance—the small surprise party turned out to be a pretty raucous event.

But the highlight of the party was when Lacy the stripper gave me a lap dance combined with dessert. One of the girls had brought several cans of booze-infused whipped cream in various flavors, and while Lacy was in the middle of grinding her luscious body against mine, someone handed her a can of chocolate-flavored topping. The next thing I knew, I was licking sweet cream from Lacy's breasts while everyone cheered me on. Even the guys got in on the action when our rowdy crew sprayed assorted flavors on those hard stripper bodies, then took turns licking it off.

When the festivities finally came to an end several hours later, due to more than a few noise complaints from the neighbors, taxis were called and everyone left but Sandy, Nikki, and me. Still feeling buzzed and giddy, we laughed and pretended to give one another lap dances. It was as if the party hadn't ended. Nikki straddled me, whipped off her top, and shoved her big-nippled boobs right in my face. As she shimmied against me, Sandy came up behind her, grabbed a can of whipped topping, and covered Nikki's tits with cream.

Sandy and I used our fingers to feed some of the cream to Nikki, then we licked the rest off her body, sucking and lapping till what started out as a little fun turned into a full-blown threesome. Clothes were tossed as we all ended up on the floor with Nikki in the middle. Sandy sprayed Nikki's tits with cream like an artist painting a canvas.

I cleared a path to Nikki's pussy with my tongue. As I swirled and licked, Sandy began making a meal out of my cunt.

"Are we really going to do this?" Nikki gasped. I answered Nikki by spraying her pussy with cream.

"I dare you," she said. "Both of you!"

That was all we needed to hear. I knelt between Nikki's legs and cleared a path to her pussy with my tongue. As I swirled and licked my way through the topping, Sandy moved away and I suddenly felt something cool and wet cover my twat. Then Sandy began making a meal out of my cunt.

Wet, slurping sounds filled the room as Sandy and I greedily enjoyed our treats. Sandy's enthusiasm fueled mine as she added her fingers to the mix. It felt so good that I just had to do the same thing to Nikki.

"Oh, fuck!" Nikki screamed, as she grabbed my head and mashed my sticky face into her cunt. Her cries and tremors were evidence of her orgasm, but I just couldn't stop. Sandy was still sucking and finger-fucking me, and I was just at the tipping point, but as soon as I felt her thumb breach my backdoor, I flew over the edge. I couldn't remember ever coming so hard before that I was still quaking for several minutes from the aftershocks.

"Well," Nikki said.

"Well, what?" I said.

"That was different," she said.

Sandy was sitting back, looking at both of us expectantly, and as I slowly came down from my climax, I realized that she hadn't gotten off yet.

"I think it's about time Sandy got creamed," I said to Nikki, as I reached for a can. Nikki did the same, and we proceeded to cover Sandy's tits and pussy with topping as she giggled and squirmed. But once Nikki and I took turns eating her pussy and sucking her breasts, Sandy's giggles turned to moans and cries of pleasure, increasing in volume and intensity until we brought her to a wrenching climax.

The whole experience still cracks us up when we talk about it, but now when we get together, we don't bother with the whipped cream—we've bought enough dildos and vibrators to keep us entertained for quite some time.—C.T., Arizona

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TEN-YEAR ITCH

When I met Karen in college, I knew she was into girls, but I also knew that when she saw a guy who interested her, she'd fuck him. I turned out to be one of those guys, and ten years later, I'm still her main man. I love the fact that when it comes to cock, only mine will do. As for girls? Karen knows that if there's someone she wants to hook up with, I'm okay with it. In fact, I've encouraged her to pursue women, making it quite clear that if she wanted to bring home a friend—just for herself, or for us to share—I wouldn't mind.

After ten years of her showing no apparent interest in women, I'd given up the cause. I was happy enough just to have Karen, but I also wanted to make sure she was happy and fulfilled sexually.

Then one night after I'd just finished eating her out and fucking her hard on the kitchen counter, she grabbed the bag of potato chips and the wine—the things that had originally led us into the kitchen—and I carried her into the bedroom. As we passed the bottle back and forth and snacked on the chips, Karen said there was someone she wanted me to meet. I didn't think anything of it till she said that she really liked this girl named Linda who she'd met at the nail salon, and she thought I'd like her, too.

Just the thought of Karen with another woman had me hard again and ready to fuck her into oblivion. She couldn't help but notice my cock, and without wasting another second, she climbed on for a slow, teasing ride.

"So, do you think you just want to watch, or would you like to play with us?" she asked, as she rocked easily back and forth, up and down, around and around.

Normally, after a hard and fast fuck like we'd just had in the kitchen, I might have been able to hold out, but visualizing Karen diving into another girl's muff while I rode or ate her out from behind—or maybe reamed her shapely ass—just set me off. I quickly succumbed to the tight, viselike grip of her cunt rippling around my shaft.

"Play," I managed to say, as I grabbed her ass and rapidly drove my cock up into her until we both came again.

The next night, I came home from work eager to talk more with Karen



about Linda. What is it they say—talking is overrated? It's true. When I walked into the apartment, Karen was waiting for me—and so was Linda. The girls were totally naked and they told me to catch up.

I barely had time to check Linda out, but from what I did see, she bore a striking resemblance to Karen—tall, leggy, long dark hair, and boobs big enough to fill my palms.

Leaving a trail of clothing in my wake, I stumbled after the girls, letting my raging hard-on lead the way. The girls dove onto the bed and immediately got themselves into a sixty-nine position. I knelt next to them, stroking my cock and listening to their muffled moans as I waited for my turn to get in the game.

It didn't take long. Karen raised her fingers to my lips—the same fingers she'd had inside Linda's pussy—so I could taste her. Then we all moved around until Linda lowered her pussy over my face and Karen sucked my cock, occasionally squeezing my nuts and the base of my cock when she

thought I might come.

The sweet torture continued until Karen told me to fuck Linda. We all ended up in the exact positions I'd imagined, only Linda was eating Karen's pussy and I was fucking Linda's pussy from behind. I hadn't fucked another woman since Karen and I moved in together. I rode her hard enough that the sound of my skin slapping against hers could be heard over Karen's nonstop litany. She'd always been a talker, but she'd turned into a dirty talker, which only spurred me on even more. Hearing her tell me to "fuck that pussy" and "fuck her good" and "screw the shit out of her" made me wish I'd had the sense to set up our camera.

By the time I came, I'd been fucking Linda so hard there was no way she was able to continue eating Karen's pussy. Karen was tweaking and pinching Linda's nipples, and when I finally blew my wad in her cunt, Linda came and dropped like a load of bricks, right on top of Karen.

The rest of the night was an experience I'll never forget. We've had Linda over several times since, but that first night we shared her is still the best.—N.C., California

More letters on page 122

Visualizing Karen diving into another girl's muff while I ate her out from behind—or reamed her shapely ass—set me off.



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GORE VIDAL

When Gore Vidal died earlier this year, he was eulogized as one of the last great American men of letters. We couldn't agree more.

By Peter Bloch

Gore Vidal's versatility was astounding: He triumphed as a novelist, an essayist, a memoirist, a playwright, a Hollywood screenwriter, and a television scriptwriter. But above all, he was a quintessential American contrarian, following and arguably surpassing such masters as H. L. Mencken, Mark Twain, and Sinclair Lewis.

Although Vidal thrived through his writing, he loved to portray himself as an anarchistic outsider, always being squelched by an evil empire whose establishmentarian tentacles were all-reaching and all-powerful. As he once said, "The corporate grip on opinion in the United States is one of the wonders of the Western world. No First World country has ever managed to eliminate so entirely from its media all objectivity—much less dissent."

In his best-selling novels, Vidal's bold opinions reached millions. He preferred Aaron Burr to Alexander Hamilton. Thomas Jefferson "never did


any one thing particularly well—except of course the pursuit of power." Abraham Lincoln was a syphilitic despot; Harry Truman, the architect of the Cold War who recognized Israel because he was bribed. Vidal's hit play *The Best Man* outraged liberals when it opened on Broadway in 1960, because the ruthless Richard Nixon character was so much more competent than his decent, progressive opponent. Even Andy Warhol, who certainly could have matched Vidal in cynicism, couldn't escape censure: The Pop artist, Vidal sneered, "is the only genius I know with an IQ of 60."

Although Vidal originally supported John Kennedy's presidency (he was related to Jackie Kennedy's family), he turned against JFK. His "presidency appalled me," he told *Penthouse* in a 1975 interview. "He began with an invasion of Cuba



about transforming Vidal's screenplay into what ultimately became the most expensive, most extravagant erotic film ever made. The inevitable lawsuit ended with Guccione winning but Vidal getting his name taken off the film's title.

Guccione, who had published Vidal in *Penthouse*, including an interview in which the writer decried the "tyranny of the female orgasm," never really understood why Vidal was so furious about the emphasis on sex in *Caligula*. After all, Vidal had first made his reputation with a groundbreaking novel about homosexuality and was not shy on the subject, once saying, "There is no such thing as a homosexual person, any more than there is such a thing as a heterosexual person. The words are adjectives describing sexual acts, not people. The sexual acts are entirely normal; if they were not, no one would perform them."

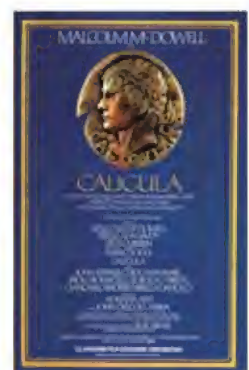
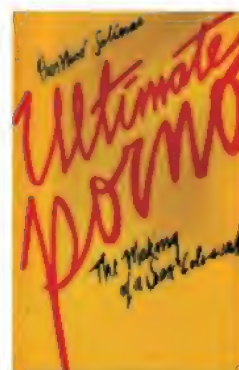
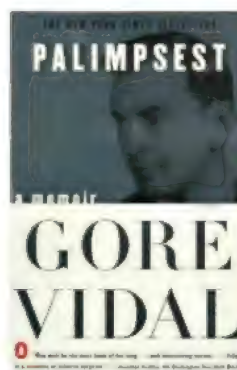
Guccione probably made the mistake of thinking that Vidal's glib words truly reflected reality. Years later, in Vidal's memoir *Palimpsest*, he boasted that by the age of 25 he had slept with more than 1,000 men and women. But, more telling, when writing about his longtime companion of 53 years, he confessed that in all the time they lived together, they never had sex. Perhaps when it came to his own most personal emotions, the verbally promiscuous Vidal was, at heart, a secret Puritan. 

that failed and he ended with the Vietnam War beginning." Vidal went on to explain why he had been "positive something awful would happen [to Kennedy] of a sexual nature." Vidal said, "One thing [Kennedy] never forgot was sex. He used to ask me about this girl and that girl. What was she like? Could it be arranged? He checked out everybody. He just went down the line. He was wild for Joanne Woodward. He knew that Joanne and Paul Newman and I were all living together in a house and wanted to know all about that. He said he found her very attractive and would like to meet her sometime. 'Oh, come off it,' I said. 'She's all wrapped up in Paul.' 'Well,' he said, 'what difference does that make?' He was very royal about those things."

But when it came to royal perversity, probably none of Vidal's creations could match that of Caligula, the murderous, insane, incestuous Roman emperor. When *Penthouse* founder Bob Guccione first read the screenplay called *Gore Vidal's Caligula*, Guccione—who, like Vidal, saw himself as an antiestablishment warrior—was immediately attracted by Vidal's unique portrayal of the historically infamous tyrant.

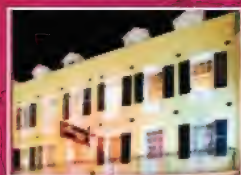
The director Guccione hired for the project, Tinto Brass, described the screenplay's hero as "an anarchist who gets power," as reported in the book *Ultimate Porno*. "Caligula was not crazy," Brass went on. "He wanted the system to work for everyone.... Of course you can't reform power.... It eats you. He fucks with his bosses, the senators and generals and priests, and they have to kill him, it's as simple as that."

But unfortunately, Vidal didn't realize that Guccione was committed to showing Caligula as a sexual anarchist, and had no compunction



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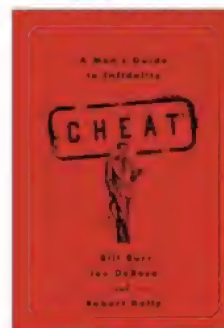
How to step out and get away with it, according to three veterans of the craft, stand-up comics Bill Burr, Joe DeRosa, and Robert Kelly.



ILLUSTRATION BY REVEL-INK



Cheat: A Man's Guide to Infidelity
By Bill Burr, Joe DeRosa, and Robert Kelly
Simon & Schuster



"Balls are why the brotherhood knows no boundaries," say the authors of *Cheat*, three stand-up comics in their forties. This is, in a nutshell

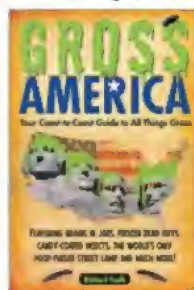
(ho!), their explanation for why men cheat. One of them claims to have cheated on every girl he's ever dated, except the first—who cheated on him. They have other pearls of wisdom: "Enough with the fable that sex means something." And: "Cheating and guilt are like eating hot wings and getting the shits." That may be their credo, but this isn't a manifesto so much as a meticulously detailed how-to. They take the pragmatic approach, offering up who (not your neighbor), where ("you need to think like a criminal who doesn't want to get caught"), when ("Be Dracula. Nighttime is always better to cheat"), and why (see above, though there are situational motives as well). In addition to real-life cheating exploits, this cheating cheat sheet warns against "potential snares" that can get you found out: scrunchies, hair extensions, contact lenses, a lone earring. Paying for sex, including "massages," gets its own section in this book whose premise is: If you're going to do it, you may as well do it right. Of course, once you've absorbed all the book's techniques, you'll have to get rid of the evidence.

BURN AFTER READING

Learn the proper way to cheat—namely, without getting caught—from three comics with vast experience in the field.

Gross America: Your Coast-to-Coast Guide to All Things Gross

By Richard Faulk
Tarcher/Penguin



Chocolate-dipped scorpion, anyone? That's just one of the deranged delights depicted in this book, which also covers brains floating in formaldehyde, chamber pots, and cannibals during a wide-ranging tour of the United States. Of course, not every location is geared toward making you upchuck, and the book is full of fascinating tidbits, such as the "sperm tree" of Los Angeles, or Arizona's Snowbowl, where you can ski on snow that uses reclaimed water—from a sewer. There's also the eight-foot Mega Colon in Philadelphia, and the Cockroach Hall of Fame in Plano, Texas. We sincerely doubt that these kinds of places exist in other countries.

Netfixed: The Epic Battle for America's Eyeballs

By Gina Keating
Portfolio



Ever wondered about the background of the company that sends that red-and-white, DVD-filled envelope to your mailbox? *Netfixed* has the exhaustive answer, in a book that serves as a history not only of the corporation in question, but also of the movie-rental business as a whole. Keating takes us from the earliest days of the industry to competitor Blockbuster's attempts to keep pace. She is thorough, so much so that reading *Netfixed* is like enduring a documentary with a monotonous voice-over. MBA and start-up types may find valuable business insights, but the average reader would be better off popping in a movie. **C+**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT) MATT TERHUNE, (MIDDLE, BOTTOM LEFT) BRIAN FRIEDMAN



DVDs

BY CRISPIN ROYER

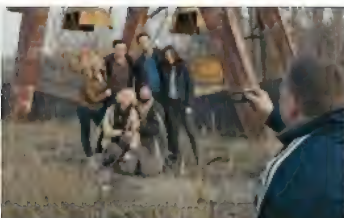
**SAFETY NOT GUARANTEED**

If *Back to the Future* had been a low-budget, high-concept, crazy-smart indie flick, it would have been this movie. Jake M. Johnson, Aubrey Plaza, and Karan Soni star as a magazine writer and his two interns, who answered a classified ad seeking a time-travel companion. Bonus features are under wraps for now, but we expect the usual deleted scenes and behind-the-scenes footage—and maybe even a peek at the film's original ending, which was scrapped in favor of the current (and awesome) conclusion.

ALTERNATE REALITIES

Reality shows and docudramas got you jonesing for some true escapism? We've got the cure. This month's Blu-ray releases deliver robots, aliens, radioactive beasts, and time machines.

By Kara Wahlgren

**CHERNOBYL DIARIES**

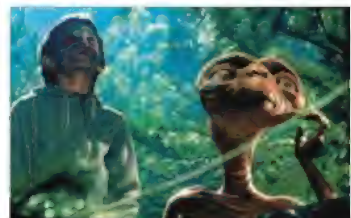
While traveling across Europe, four friends inexplicably decide to take an extreme tour through Pripjat, the ghost town in the shadow of the Chernobyl power plant in Ukraine. Once they get past the checkpoint, they discover it's not so much a ghost town as a fucked-up-mutant-beast town. Critics blasted the film for being unoriginal, but can you ever have too many movies about man-eating mutants? We think not. Like the movie itself, the bonus features are mindless fun—a mock infomercial for the “extreme tour” company, a conspiracy video, and an alternate ending.

**I, ROBOT**

Before we realized that zombies are the real threat, machines were the villain-of-the-moment—and not many movies tackled creepy automatons as slickly as this 2004 action flick. Will Smith stars as a futuristic detective who has some long-standing beef with the helpful robots who perform public services for humans. And since it's Will Smith, he has to stop a robot uprising and save the human world. The CGI effects were already mind-blowing on Blu-ray, but now Fox is rereleasing the flick in 3-D. (Fittingly enough, *I, Robot* will be the first movie converted to 3-D using new technology that allows the work to be done by computers rather than humans.) Expect a lot of overlap between the extras on the 3-D release and the original DVD and Blu-ray versions—like deleted scenes, alternate endings, and documentaries.

**THE PRINCESS BRIDE: 25TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION**

Yes, there have already been several releases, both DVD and Blu-ray, but pretty much every chick in the world younger than 60 loves this movie. You can't go wrong slotting it into your collection to lighten the lineup between *Predator* and *Raging Bull*. The film seems like it's been a part of the pop-culture landscape forever, along with its ubiquitous quotes. (Seriously, look your girl in the eye and say, “I will always come for you.” You'll get lucky.) The 25th Anniversary Edition will include featurettes, Easter eggs, and the original trailer, along with a brand-new documentary with the creators and cast discussing making the film and its cult following.

**E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL: 30TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION**

We don't really need to recap this one, right? A tiny Drew Barrymore, a lovable alien, Reese's Pieces, “phone home”—you know the drill. The classic alien flick hits the big 3-0 this year, and the anniversary will be marked with a Blu-ray/DVD combo pack. The bonus features will include an all-new interview with director Steven Spielberg, some never-before-seen footage, deleted scenes, the original trailer, and loads of featurettes.



Cult Flick

Paul Thomas Anderson's latest is a thinly veiled takedown of Scientology.

The Master

Philip Seymour Hoffman, Joaquin Phoenix, Amy Adams

Call us predictable, but we don't think Paul Thomas Anderson has made another movie quite as good, pound-for-pound, as *Boogie Nights*, back in 1997. That said, when the drums start beating for a new PTA joint, it's hard not to perk up, especially with the director lately exploring a quasi-mystical vein. Sharing some of the same visual DNA as *There Will Be Blood*, Anderson's new post-World War II drama has real-life Scientologists in a furor—it's about a jack-of-all-trades showboat (Hoffman) whose writings become a religious phenomenon. Along for the ride is

a drifter and disciple played with impulsive nervousness by Phoenix. We like the ambition of it all, plus the eerie trailer suggests a dose of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*-style paranoia. A magnetic cult leader with a vision; a young, impressionable acolyte—actually, this doesn't sound too far from *Boogie Nights* after all. (Don't hold us to that.)

The Sessions**John Hawkes, Helen Hunt, William H. Macy**

The relentless pursuit of sex: Does it ever get tired on-screen? Well, no. No, it doesn't. But it sure helps when obstacles are placed in the way, like, for instance, an iron lung. The ultra-talented Hawkes (an Oscar nominee for *Winter's Bone*) plays real-life poet Mark O'Brien, paralyzed by polio at a young age, who nonetheless assembles his closest friends—including exasperated priest Macy—and asks them to score him a woman for the first time in his life. An audience favorite at last January's Sundance Film Festival, this offbeat comedy finds an unusual path to universal needs, with Hunt as a sex surrogate.

**Argo****Ben Affleck, Bryan Cranston, John Goodman, Alan Arkin**

The field is not crowded, but among actors who have become solid directors, Affleck (*Gone Baby Gone*, *The Town*) has to count as one of the big dogs. His latest, in which he also stars, has a touch of zany *Wag the Dog* to it: The script is based on the real-life scheme, hatched by an imaginative CIA operative, to free six refugees from the 1979 Iran hostage crisis (who were holed up in the Canadian embassy) by pretending to scout a fake sci-fi movie in the Persian desert. The movie's fat-cat Hollywood types (played by Goodman and Arkin) relish the ruse—and we'll take stealth diplomacy over stealth bombs any day. Let's hope the film isn't the latter.

Cloud Atlas**Tom Hanks, Halle Berry, Hugh Grant, Jim Broadbent**

The sprawling trailer was pretty impressive (ancient sailing vessels, futuristic Asian waitresses, Hanks with bizarre facial hair), but please don't ask us to explain it. David Mitchell's 2004 novel, which won the British Book Awards' Literary Fiction Award, among other honors, is an ambitious, era-spanning epic. If any filmmaking team has shown itself capable of rendering a dense world below the surface, it's *The Matrix*'s Wachowskis, revisiting the scope absent from *Speed Racer*. Along for a directorial assist is *Run Lola Run*'s Tom Tykwer, no doubt called upon to turn Berry's pout into a full-fledged performance.



REVIEW

Holy Motors**Eva Mendes, Denis Lavant, Edith Scob**

Sometimes the multiplex just isn't enough. For more adventurous souls, this hilariously demented art film—plotted over the course of one surreal, throbbing night—is the tonic. The setup is *Mulholland Drive* strange: In a stretch limo, a mysterious actor (the brilliant chameleon Lavant) travels through Paris to nine different "appointments." At one, he transforms into a rude, sewer-dwelling derelict who carries off supermodel Mendes to an underground lair; at another, he's a sex-drenched computer-generated dragon, getting it on with a statuesque blonde. (All this, and a Kylie Minogue cameo, too.) You never know where the movie is going to take you, and for that alone, Leos Carax's bizarre curio deserves your date-night dollars. Just brace yourself for some bedroom weirdness afterward. **C+**



REVIEWS

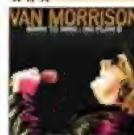


BLUE NOTES

Van Morrison's first new songs in four years cast a gloomy glance at the economic and spiritual state of the world.

Van Morrison
Born to Sing: No Plan B
Blue Note

★★★



With a voice that critic Paul Williams once described as "a fierce beacon in the darkness, the lighthouse at the end of the world,"

Van Morrison was indeed born to sing, as the title of his first collection of new songs in four years says. Here, he turns that durable instrument on an effortless set of piano-and-horn-accented tunes that blend jazz, blues, and soul. The silky groove of "Going Down to Monte Carlo" runs longer than eight minutes yet never flags, even as it enters its long, slow wind-down. That's a particular Morrison skill, and he demonstrates it again on the excellent, bluesy "Pagan Heart" and the topical "If in Money We Trust," which, like closer "Educating Archie," has Morrison weighing in on the global financial crisis—a choice that reflects an irascible determination not to be made into a museum piece by his legendary status.



The Mountain Goats
Transcendental Youth
Merge

★★★½



"Do every stupid thing that makes you feel alive/ Do every stupid thing to try to drive the dark away," John Darnielle sings on "Amy aka Spent Gladiator 1," the first track on his 14th album as frontman for the Mountain Goats. Later in the same song, he adds, "stay alive, just stay alive." On the taut, tense "Night Light," he warns, "Plug a night-light in/ Leave the porch light on/ Because the small dark corners/ have designs on me," while a sinister guitar line sizzles in the background. Darnielle, who survived an abusive stepfather and an addiction to methamphetamine, knows whereof he speaks. His vivid folk songs often derive from his personal history, and he puts them across with urgency and a sense of hard-won joy. *Transcendental Youth*, which features Superchunk drummer Jon Wurster and bassist Peter Hughes—his backing band since 2007—as well as a full horn section, is a celebration of coming out the other side, alive.



Danko Jones
Rock and Roll Is Black and Blue
Bad Taste Records

★★★½



More proof that life is unfair: Offensively bland "rockers" Nickelback have sold more than 50 million records in their career, while their unimpeachably balls-to-the-wall, rock-n-rolling Canadian brethren Danko Jones, though popular in their homeland and in Europe, haven't cracked the U.S. Top 40 in 16 years of relentless touring and recording. The title of their seventh album couldn't be more apt: It's an all-killer-no-filler collection of pummeling rock songs. With an endless supply of razor-sharp riffs, and a coiled-spring rhythm section (now featuring former Rocket From the Crypt drummer Atom Willard), frontman Danko Jones bellows hot-blooded lyrics about that full-contact sport called love. High points abound, from the "Dooon't—do this! Baby come home!" opening salvo of "Don't Do This," to the party-starting "Get Up," and the exhilarating "Just a Beautiful Day." Not groundbreaking, just ass-kicking.



Yoko Ono, Kim Gordon, and Thurston Moore
YOKOKIMTHURSTON
Chimera Music

★★★



We feel confident saying there will be no record released this year—possibly this decade—with a higher PR-push-to-actual-audience ratio than this avant garde effort from Sonic Youth founders Gordon and Moore and the one and only Yoko Ono—widow of John Lennon, activist, and artist. Lots of people will talk about it, but almost no one will listen to it—more than once, anyway. Not after Ono's first ululations on "I Missed You Listening"—the nearly ten-minute opener—come tumbling out of the speakers. But we did. Honest. And call it Stockholm syndrome, but damned if it didn't grow on us. What seems haphazard and off-putting at first becomes absorbing as the spoken-word collages ("Running the Risk"), feedback squalls ("Let's Get There," "Early in the Morning"), and Ono's scattershot wailing, backed by Gordon's breathy vocals, exert a hypnotic pull. Not for everyone, but it's nice to know it's there. **C+**

THE YOKO EFFECT

Did these wives and girlfriends really ruin their men's bands?



Femme Fatale: Yoko Ono
Band: The Beatles
Years Involved: 1968–70
Yoko Effect: 5. Ironically, the actual Yoko's Yoko Effect is greatly exaggerated. The Beatles were splintering before she came on the scene.
Current Status: At 79, she's still making art (see page 18) and remains active for multiple causes, including peace and AIDS research.
In Her Own Words: "I didn't break up the Beatles. The Beatles were a group made up of four very complex men, and my small hand could not have broken these men up."



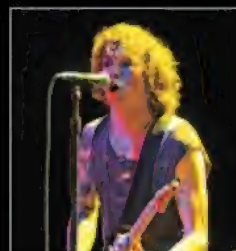
Femme Fatale: Courtney Love
Band: Nirvana
Years Involved: 1991–94
Yoko Effect: 7. Whether you hate her or merely despise her, you can't deny that Love is a (recovering?) drug addict. And Kurt Cobain was her drug buddy. That didn't work out too well for him.
Current Status: As far as we can tell, her main activity is firing off loose-cannon tweets, such as one accusing former Nirvana drummer Dave Grohl of seducing then-19-year-old Frances Bean Cobain, who flatly denied it, saying, "Twitter should ban my mother."
In Her Own Words: "I fake it so real, I am beyond fake." Not quite.



Femme Fatale: Jeanine Pettibone
Band: Spinal Tap
Years Involved: 1982–?
Yoko Effect: 9. While romantically involved with guitarist David St. Hubbins, Pettibone became Spinal Tap's manager, prompting bassist Derek Smalls to say, "Things went wrong more smoothly once Jeanine took over." She drove a wedge between St. Hubbins and Nigel Tufnel, Tap's legendary songwriting duo.
Current Status: According to blogger Chip Rowe, Pettibone runs a company called Herb Lane—for which she has developed a natural breast-enhancing paste.
In Her Own Words: "You don't do heavy metal in Dubly, you know."



Femme Fatale: Nancy Spungen
Band: Sex Pistols
Years Involved: 1976–78
Yoko Effect: 6. Sid Vicious was a mess before he met Spungen, but she certainly didn't help, accelerating his drug use and being—by most accounts in several books on the era—a pretty horrendous person. Still, the Pistols were always going to burn out rather than fade away.
Current Status: Dead, allegedly at Vicious's hand, in the Chelsea Hotel in October 1978. Vicious died of a heroin overdose before being brought to trial.
In Her Own Words: "I could have been a ward of the state. I had, like, a lot of problems."



Femme Fatale: Laura Jane Grace
Band: Against Me!
Years Involved: 2012–
Yoko Effect: ? Grace is the former Tom Gabel, founder of the band, who announced in May 2012 that he would undertake a transition to living as a woman. How will his gender swap affect the band?
Current Status: Touring, readying for the release of Against Me!'s sixth album, *Transgender Dysphoria Blues*.
In Her Own Words: [On telling the band] "I felt like I drop-kicked them in the face." ☺

FIVE GREAT LYRICISTS OF THE 2000s

Words are not secondary to this quintet of top-notch songwriters.



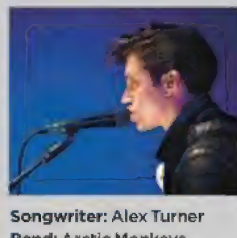
Songwriter: Craig Finn
Band: The Hold Steady
Style/Genre: Neo-punk-rock bar band
Choice Line: "Hey citrus, hey liquor/ I love it when we come together."



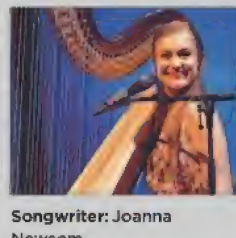
Songwriter: MF Doom
Band: Madvillain, Viktor Vaughn, Metal Face, et al
Style/Genre: Hip-hop
Choice Line: "Borderline schizo/ sorta fine tits though."



Songwriter: John Darnielle
Band: The Mountain Goats
Style/Genre: Folk rock
Choice Line: "Carpenter ants in the dresser/ Flies in the screen/ It will be too late by the time we learn/ What these cryptic symbols mean."



Songwriter: Alex Turner
Band: Arctic Monkeys
Style/Genre: Post-punk, indie rock
Choice Line: "You used to get it in your fishnets/ Now you only get it in your nightdress/ Discarded all the naughty nights for niceness/ Landed in a very common crisis."



Songwriter: Joanna Newsom
Band: Solo artist
Style/Genre: Harp-based singer-songwriter
Choice Line: "Leave your troubles here where the tugboats shear the water from the water/ Flanked by furrows, curling back, like a match held up to a newspaper." ☺

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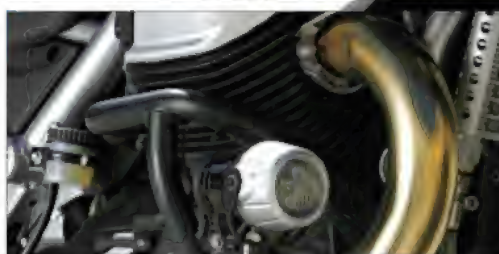
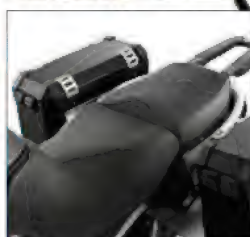
FROM THE ALPS TO THE OUTBACK

Moto Guzzi builds a round-the-world Stelvio.

By Bill Heald



If you're dying to know what's over the next hill or around the next corner, here's your escort.



T

here is a desire deep within many of us to go exploring, whether that means off the beaten track or through the darkest urban jungle. Traveling by motorcycle is one of the best ways to do your adventuring, for no vehicle is more versatile, more agile, and better suited to letting you experience the world around you as you journey through it. And while you can strap on your essentials and take off on pretty much any machine, a bike built to handle both fiendish mud and challenging blacktop, as well as being designed to be comfortable to ride for days at a time, would really make the perfect Samwise for your Middle-earth wanderings.

Moto Guzzi has heard the call of the adventure lifestyle: The new Stelvio 1200 NTX is designed to deal with anything the road or trail can dish out so the rider can comfortably press on, regardless of conditions. The name "Stelvio" comes from a picturesque mountain pass in the Italian Alps (one with 84 hairpin corners, in fact), and one of the design goals was to make

the bike as ideally balanced as possible, with the kind of quick steering you need for both tight mountain bends and forest trails. Travel-friendly standard features include stout aluminum panniers with 30-liter capacity, fortified crash bars, and aluminum lower armor to protect the torque-rich, air-cooled V-twin engine in the event the bike goes down (it can happen on adventures). A massive 8.5-gallon fuel tank is on board, too, and that big gas supply will come in handy if you find yourself in places where refills are few and far between.

The broad handlebars and upright seating position are designed for both delicate, slow trail work and carving through canyons at high speeds on perfect pavement, and the seat height is adjustable to suit the rider's inseam and make the big machine more manageable at stops. Both traction control (selectable, so you can cancel it if needed) and ABS brakes are standard, so while the Stelvio seems simple in many ways, it still has some of the latest electronics to enhance safety and performance. I say simple because the air-cooling, sturdy spoke wheels and a lack of elaborate bodywork are designed to make this motorcycle less complex and therefore more reliable and easy to live with in the middle of nowhere.

Another welcome feature is a standard center stand that's easy to deploy, which can make loading/unloading the bike (and working on it in general) much easier far away from your garage. Such attention to detail really shines when you're in unfamiliar territory, which is, after all, what adventure touring is all about.

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	90-degree, air-cooled V-twin
Bore x stroke	95 mm x 81.2 mm
Displacement	1,151 cc
Fuel system	Multipoint sequential electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	45-mm male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, preload adjustable
Front brake	Single 320-mm Brembo disc, radial caliper, ABS
Rear brake	Single 282-mm Brembo disc, floating caliper, ABS
Front tire	110/80 R19
Rear tire	150/70 R17
Fuel tank	8.5-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	60.4 inches
Seat height	32 to 33 inches (adjustable)
Curb weight	598 pounds
Base price	\$15,990



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Harley-Davidson is not responsible for any damage or injury caused by the use of this product. Always use the product in accordance with the instructions.

THE CAMARO TRANSFORMED

It's amazing how 580 horsepower and Magnetic Ride Control can turn a good car into a stunning one.

By Bill Heald

The rebirth of the Chevrolet Camaro in 2009 as a 2010 model was a very ambitious project for General Motors, especially considering the rocky economic conditions at the time. But the designers and engineers created something that the public really liked, blending some traditional Camaro styling (going back to the original machine of the sixties) with very contemporary, aggressive visual themes to produce a striking muscle car that gets attention wherever it rolls. A convertible version soon followed, but as sharp and entertaining as these Camaros were, there was still a nagging feeling that the white-hot sports car the appearance promised had yet to be truly uncorked.



Thankfully, for lovers of true performance driving, the Camaro team hasn't taken its foot off the gas since production of the new pony car started. As a result, we now have the ZL1: a Camaro that proves the driving dynamics of this sexy two-door can be even more impressive than its brilliant styling. It starts with a truly delicious 6.2-liter V-8 with a Roots-style supercharger, which boosts output to a thunderous 580 horsepower. Surprisingly, the keyword to describe such a seriously potent engine is not domination, but integration. Yes, the intake/supercharger/exhaust symphony will definitely put some lead in your

pencil and pin the throttle, and you'll get sucked into the deepest recesses of the sport seats. But the thrill for those who like to take such hardware down curvy blacktop (instead of just annihilating the rear tires in a straight line) is how easy it is to put this staggering thrust to work launching the ZL1 from apex to apex. The supercharger engages seamlessly, almost as if you've just added more pistons to the engine when you need to build power like a locomotive. With precise throttle response and a six-speed manual with ideal ratios and light, quick throws (and a clutch that is likewise light and easy to modulate), everything just works together like the perfect partner. A state-of-the-art, six-speed automatic gearbox is also available.

A huge part of this balance and control (where the 4,120-pound car acts like something much lighter) is GM's third-generation Magnetic Ride system. This uses magic dust (sorry, I meant magnetorheological-fluid technology) to vary suspension response to the road and the type of driving the chassis experiences. There are Sport and Tour settings, although the Tour mode is certainly not too soft for aggressive driving and Sport does not punish you over rough pavement. Camaro Chief Engineer Al Oppenheimer explains further:

"Traditional suspension systems at some point compromise ride quality for road-holding grip and body control. With Magnetic Ride Control, we can offer customers the best of both worlds: a comfortable ride that makes the ZL1 appropriate as a daily driver, and the incredibly precise body control that makes the ZL1 so enjoyable at the track."

Sport mode also adds more feel to the electronic power steering, giving you even more precious feedback at the limit. Also onboard is Performance Traction Management, which incorporates things like stability control, launch control, traction control, and more, all to help you maintain your control of the nearly 600-horsepower cruise missile at all times. The cozy interior of the Camaro is much like the earlier versions, except for the unique excellence of leather sport seats with microfiber inserts, and the glorious drive of the nine-speaker Boston Acoustics audio system. There's also a handy backup camera that's displayed in the rearview mirror, a very welcome addition, since looking out the back of the car is much like peering into a cave.

The ZL1 is a rip-roaring, Cobra-challenging supercoupe, and a convertible version will be along soon. And power aside, the real jewel in this crown is how the Camaro's chassis both handles all the thrust and is such a perfectly balanced package. The mechanical internals are now as hot as the body that surrounds them, and that's the start of a beautiful relationship. **Q+A**

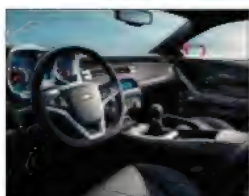
CHEVROLET CAMARO ZL1

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Front-engine, two-door coupe
Engine	Supercharged V-8
Power	580 horsepower
Torque	556 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual; six-speed automatic
Front tires	285/35 ZR20
Rear tires	305/35 ZR20
Curb weight	4,120 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	4 seconds
Top speed	184 mph
Fuel	19 gallons
EPA mpg	Manual: 14 city/19 hwy; automatic: 12 city/18 hwy
Base price	\$54,095; as tested \$58,190





■ IdeaPad Yoga notebook

Lenovo • \$1,200

Most tablet-laptop hybrids, which are delicate and underpowered, have failed to deliver on a promising concept: a media-friendly touch-screen machine for anyone who needs to get shit done. The Yoga (along with Microsoft's upcoming Surface) might mark a turnaround for these dual-purpose devices. Instead of twisting on a flimsy swivel, as with less-durable hybrids, the Yoga's rubberized 13.1-inch touch screen simply folds backward over the keyboard on two sturdy hinges. While in tablet mode, the leather-fringed keyboard deactivates itself and serves as an adjustable stand. And like Microsoft's Surface, the Yoga runs Windows 8 with a roughly eight-hour battery life, making it ideal for productivity applications as well as long-haul entertaining in tablet mode.



■ TabletTail eReader stand

Octa • \$50

You'll find no shortage of stands and handles for your tablet or eReader, but Octa's two-part system offers the most versatility. Its vacuum-dock component sticks to the backside of your iPad, Kindle, or other smooth-skinned gadget, and offers both an ergonomic grip and a low-profile stand for hands-free use. Attaching the second piece—the flexible “whale tail”—props up your device and allows for unlimited viewing angles in both landscape and portrait positions. Wrapping the tail around your hand locks it to your body, making the TabletTail a real gadget-saver for anyone with butterfingers.



■ Reflect nonfogging shower mirror

Reflect • \$295

Here's an award-winning gadget that even Bill Nye the Science Guy would Kickstart. This combination showerhead/shaving mirror contains an internal cavity that floods with hot water when you crank on the shower faucet. Heat from the water warms the reflective surface of the mirror, preventing the buildup of condensation that fogs up normal bathroom mirrors. It's a stupidly simple idea that works brilliantly, even in a steam-filled shower. Best of all, the mirror is easy to install for anyone who can wield a wrench.

Intelligent Designs

Seven smart gadgets that look the part.

By Crispin Boyer



■ EOS M digital camera

Canon • \$800

Offering the portability of a point-and-shoot with the power and flexibility of a high-end digital SLR, mirrorless digital cameras have taken off in popularity with photographers who like to shoot from the hip or choose from an arsenal of interchangeable lenses and accessories for technical shots. Canon's first mirrorless model is an ideal step up for casual photographers who want to get serious about their shooting—particularly when it comes to video. The camera's 18-megapixel sensor, low-light capabilities, shallow depth of field, and silent autofocus all add up to stunning movies that you can edit right on the three-inch touch screen.



■ ePure Bluetooth Station

Swissvoice • \$180 to \$200

Two C-notes might seem like a lot to drop on a stand-alone handset receiver for your smartphone, but this slick-looking Bluetooth station does more than just add design verve to your desktop. The handset doubles as a pair of Bluetooth speakers, letting you stream music from your smartphone between calls (it also works as a speakerphone for hands-free chatting). The \$200 universal model charges any smartphone via USB, while the \$180 version works specifically with iPhones. Frequent gabbers will appreciate that the handset deflects cell energy away from their noggins.




■ Tiki USB microphone

Blue Microphones • \$60

Most built-in laptop microphones are barely adequate for video conferencing and Skype calls, and they're downright awful for recording podcasts or those wicked Stratocaster solos you upload to YouTube. This thumb-size USB microphone isolates your voice and brings it to the forefront of online conversations and voice-recognition software, even if you wander around the room. Special algorithms filter out background babble and activate mute when you're finished talking. A secondary recording mode captures speech and musical performances with CD-quality fidelity, making this the perfect mike for podcasters and garage musicians on a budget (in other words, all podcasters and garage musicians).

■ Looj 330 gutter-cleaning robot

iRobot • \$300

If we've learned anything from watching hours of Syfy channel original movies, it's that robots are capable of snapping human spines with cold efficiency. Imagine our surprise when iRobot introduced the Looj 330. This slender machine—sort of like a miniature tank-propelled broom—saves us delicate humans from risking falls on spindly ladders while scraping leaf detritus from our roof gutters. Looj overlords can choose to guide the contraption by either remote control or an autonomous cleaning mode that does gutter duty without human supervision. The Looj's multiple speeds and cleaning cycles make quick work of this dirty job, cleaning 30-foot stretches of gutter in about five minutes and doing 200 feet on a single charge. 





Breaking the Bro Code

Our twenty-first-century rogue revels in exploring the consequences owed to a protective older brother who ignores the rules of bros before hos.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Last year, my roommate Rob hooked up with one of my exes. It had been a while since this girl and I dated, but Rob knew I still had some feelings for her, so it was a major dick move. And believe me, he rubbed it in my face—literally. He fucked her on my bed, then waited a couple of days until he told me I'd been sleeping on the pillow that he'd put under her ass. I told Rob I'd get him back, but I haven't found the perfect opportunity—till now: I'm going to Rob's place for Thanksgiving, and he says that his little sister and her high school friends are having a massive reunion party for their first break back from college, and he wants us to crash it. My plan, of course, is to hook up with his sister. It's not as farfetched as you'd think. We've hung out a couple of times while she was visiting Rob, and there was some heavy flirtation and innuendo. She made it pretty clear that she was up for a tumble with me. But I'm worried this might be going too far. Rob is hugely protective of her—I once saw him punch out a guy who did nothing but whistle at her. What say you?

Going too far? Dude, forget his sister and hit him where it really hurts: Fuck his mom!

If you can't pull that off, focus on what's doable. On the ride to his folks' house, ask him if his sister is picking up guys at school. This will get him started on all the dicks she's dated, which is when you milk him for information about her preferences and peccadilloes. Also, find out if she's on good terms with their mom. This will help you know if you should butter up the old lady at the dinner table. If little sister worships the ground her brother walks on, pass yourself off as the wind beneath his wings. If she wants him six feet under, the more you tell her how he screwed you over, the more she'll want to come over and screw you. And remember: You need a coup de grâce (that's French for "major-league dick move") that measures up to that pillow. Tell him you hooked up with a hot girl at the party and have him sniff your finger. Ask him what he thinks. While he's waxing poetic about the scent of lilacs and lilies, tell him, "By the way, you just sniffed your sis." Oh, and be ready to get punched.



Feats of Strength

Burn away those memories of Everclear. Overproof and barrel-strength spirits prove that potency can bring pleasure, not pain.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

During my college years in southeastern Ohio, I anticipated every road trip to West Virginia. Our mission was strictly to obtain illegal-in-Ohio Everclear, a rough grain alcohol that registers 95 percent alcohol by volume (ABV), or 190 proof. Drinking it straight burned like an exploding sun, and it usually came back up as quickly as it went down. To make Everclear palatable, we mixed it with sugary fruit juices, or we filled our mouths with the liquor, lit a match, and spit fireballs.

Today, strong alcohol need not meet such a fate. Distilleries across America, and around the world, are releasing overproof and barrel-strength gins, bourbons, and Scotches as strong as they are flavorful. It's the classic case of addition by subtraction. By and large, most liquors plucked from shelves have been watered down to 80 or 90 proof. This procedure ensures a consistent product. By bottling liquor directly from a barrel, or at a higher proof, drinkers can savor a more concentrated, usually unfiltered expression of the spirit. You control the dilution.

Why are all spirits not sold in supercharged formulations? The answer is partly cost. Higher-proof hooch is taxed at a higher rate. Many consumers would pause before paying \$30, \$40, \$50—or much, much more—for a bottle of stronger alcohol. But it's a worthy splurge, especially for bourbon. Usually, Kentucky's finest spirit undergoes chill filtration. Lowering the alcohol's temperature causes fatty acids and proteins (totally harmless!) to clump together, permitting easy filtration. This increases clarity, but also strips flavor and color. However, at 46 percent ABV (92 proof) and higher, the acids remain mostly undetected to the naked eye.

That explains why some barrel-strength bourbons—such as Jim Beam's 120-plus-proof Booker's bourbon; Four Roses' annual single-barrel, cask-strength bourbon; and Wild Turkey Rare Breed—are such robust, oak-drenched delights. At first, they're best sipped glacially. Go too fast, and the spirits will incinerate your palate. Add water or ice cubes, and the burly booze will open up, revealing new flavors and aromas.

Scotland has also cottoned to this technique. Premium Scotch distillers such as Laphroaig, Lagavulin, and Macallan all bottle cask-strength whiskeys that taste deeply of a long, delicious slumber in oak.

Gin, too, is increasingly offered in overproof expressions of 57 percent ABV (114 proof), a potency referred to as "navy strength." That's the proof at which gunpowder can still be fired if soaked with booze. The original navy-strength gin hails from England's Plymouth, which for several centuries supplied the Royal Navy with the rich nectar, but the style has also caught on stateside. Denver's Leopold Bros. makes a citrusy, herbaceous version that's terrific with tonic water (I never recommend sipping gin straight), as does Brooklyn's brand-new New York Distilling Company with its Perry's Tot. Its flavor, I must admit, explodes in your mouth. **CH**

FIVE TO TRY



■ DeLeón Tequila: Extra Añejo

The first cask-strength tequila spends 51 months in French-oak barrels and registers 102 proof. This process results in an earthy, vanilla-accented slow-sipper loaded with lovely flavors of agave and a touch of citrus and pepper.



■ Four Roses: Single Barrel Limited Edition

Each year, Four Roses releases a barrel-strength beauty that's snowflake-unique. The bottles range in strength from 107 to nearly 120 proof, and offer a fruity, floral aroma met by a sweet, spicy, and smooth flavor.



■ Leopold's: Navy Strength American Gin

Denver's Leopold Bros. is one of the nation's most revered small-batch gin distillers, a reputation cemented by this 114-proof knockout. It's as herbaceous as all get out, bursting with plenty of bitter citrus, courtesy of bergamot.



■ New York Distilling Company: Perry's Tot Navy Strength Gin

In 2011, Brooklyn Brewery cofounder Tom Potter helped launch the similarly Brooklyn-based New York Distilling Company. The intensely appealing 114-proof Perry's Tot is named after a nineteenth-century commander of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.



■ Laphroaig Cask Strength

The medal-winning Scotch checks in at 115.6 proof. A ten-year nap in charred-oak barrels gives the golden elixir an appealing vanilla note, and a splash of water will draw out notes of the salty ocean breeze and a waft of peat smoke. **CH**



picture- perfect


Alena is one of the most popular models on Cams.com, and just one glance at these pictures of the 36-27-38, vivacious 30-year-old from Arizona makes it clear why that is. She has her own way of describing herself, however, that also sums up her appeal: "I'd have to say I'm intimidating, because *everyone* tells me I am, but I think I can make people feel at ease." And then there's this: "I've always wanted to make a video where I get to play with five guys. I love come and sucking cock!" Yep, it's easy to see why Cams members love her. You can check her out yourself under her screen name, AZBlonde.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi and John Taylor

Penthouse readers are eligible for a special offer!
Go to Cams.com/free10 to get \$10 free when you submit your credit card info.








"I love being a Cams model. I've always wanted to own my own business, for one thing, so I like being my own boss. I get to meet new people every day. Plus, I've developed some good friendships with my fans."

A full-page photograph of a blonde woman posing nude. She is kneeling on a wooden floor, leaning back on her right hand and resting her left hand on her left thigh. She has long, wavy blonde hair and is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background features large windows with dark frames, through which some greenery is visible. The lighting is soft and focused on the woman.

"The most amazing sexual experience I've ever had was my first orgasm. (Yes, I remember it.) I remember seeing stars! My whole body felt like it was on fire!"





A blonde woman with long hair is posing on a wooden bench. She is wearing black thigh-high stockings and black high-heeled shoes. She is leaning back, looking upwards with her mouth open, and her hands are resting on her hips. The background shows a wooden structure with decorative carvings.

"I once had sex inside the *Backdraft* ride at Universal Studios. We were in the back of the room where you see all the fire and special effects, and I just pulled up my skirt for my boyfriend. He was behind me, so no one knew."



"I get so turned on watching a cock as I stroke
and suck it. I love watching the balls
get tight, knowing I'm about to be rewarded
with that delicious come."

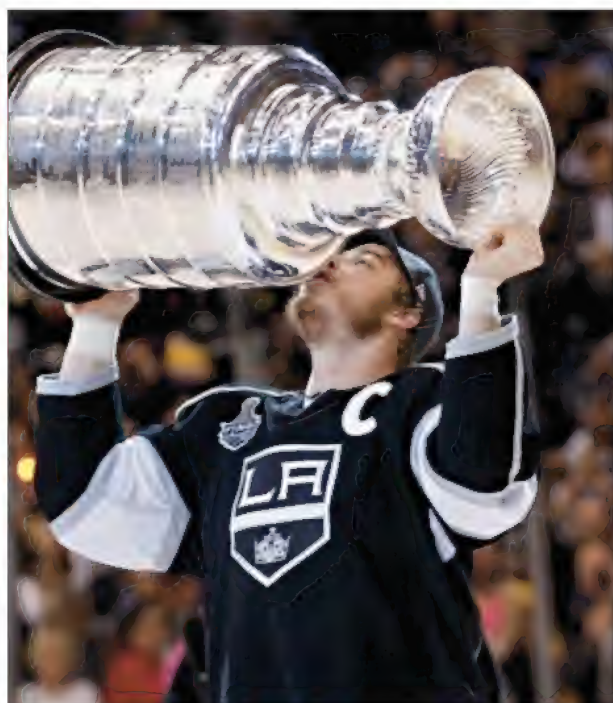
SEE MORE OF ALENA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



WEARING THE CROWN

The Los Angeles Kings won the first Stanley Cup in franchise history last year. Can they become the first repeat champs since the 1998 Red Wings?

By John Bolster

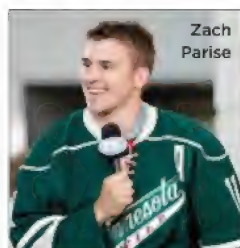


As we went to press, the NHL Players' Association and league management were squared off in a New York City conference room, trying to hammer out a new collective-bargaining agreement. While the possibility of the league's second work stoppage in seven years seemed remote, it

wasn't out of the question. Undaunted, we forged ahead with our 2012-13 NHL Preview anyway, assessing the top off-season transactions, handicapping the postseason, and predicting the year-end award winners—all in the faith that pucks will indeed drop as scheduled, come October 11. Take a look.

TOP 5 OFF-SEASON MOVES

The most important front-office plays during the NHL off-season.

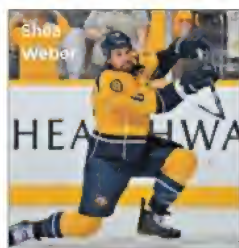


Zach Parise

5 Zach Parise, LW, and Ryan Suter, D, Minnesota Wild
Teammates on the 2010 U.S. Olympic team and friends off the ice, these two free agents discussed the possibility of signing with the same team this summer. On July 4, the two American stars made it happen, joining the Wild, who are based



Ryan Suter



Shea Weber

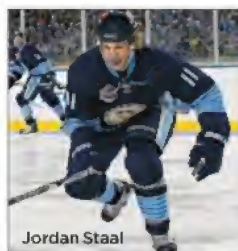
in Parise's hometown of Minneapolis. They're not bringing a Stanley Cup to Minnesota this year, but could deliver a playoff berth.
4 Shea Weber, D, Nashville Predators
With Suter having bolted for Minnesota, Nashville had no choice but to match Philadelphia's outlandish, 14-year, \$110-million offer sheet for Weber, a restricted free agent. It was either that or a steep drop into irrelevancy for a franchise that racked up 104 points last season and finished second in the rugged Central Division.

3 Tie: Jonathan Quick, G, Los Angeles Kings; Sidney Crosby, C, Pittsburgh Penguins



Jonathan Quick

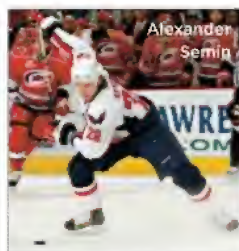
A year before both would have become unrestricted free agents, L.A. goaltender Quick and Penguins superstar Crosby both signed lengthy contract extensions. Quick, 26, who was instrumental in the Kings' run to the Stanley Cup last season, re-upped for ten years, while Crosby, still just 25, extended his deal for



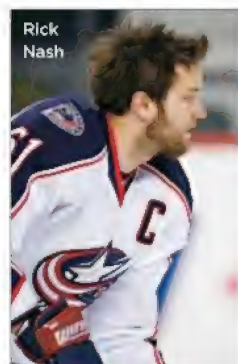
Jordan Staal

12 years. Both signings are key, and yet both carry risks. Quick had a breakout season last year, but hasn't done much else in his career, and in fact was on the trading block before last season. Crosby has missed scores of games in the past two seasons because of a neck injury and post-concussion syndrome.

2 Jordan Staal, C, and Alexander Semin, RW, Carolina Hurricanes
It was an ambitious off-season for the Hurricanes, the 2006 champions who have missed the playoffs in each of the past three seasons. They traded for Staal, 24, then signed him to a ten-year deal. He's coming off a season in which he produced 25 goals and 25 assists in 62 games, and should be energized by playing alongside his brother Eric in Carolina.



Alexander Semin



Rick Nash

They also made a low-stakes gamble on talented, temperamental winger Semin.

1 Rick Nash, RW, New York Rangers
For the second year in a row, the Rangers scored the biggest free-agent prize of the off-season, landing former Blue Jackets winger Nash a season after bringing on ex-Dallas center Brad Richards. Richards helped lead New York to the best regular-season record in the East and within two games of the Stanley Cup Final last season. Nash, who scored at least 30 goals in each of the past five seasons with a weak supporting cast in Columbus, could put them over the top.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) BRUCE BENNETT/GETTY IMAGES, (PARISE) BRUCE KLUCKHOHN/GETTY IMAGES, (SUTER) HANNAH FOSLIE/GETTY IMAGES, (WEBER) FREDERICK BREEDON/GETTY IMAGES, (QUICK) JEFF GROSS/GETTY IMAGES, (STAAL) GENE J. PUSKAS/AP PHOTO, (SEMIN) SPORTING NEWS/GETTY IMAGES, (NASH) LARRY MACDOUGAL/AP PHOTO

Steven Stamkos

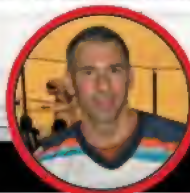


PENTHOUSE PICKS

Once again, we return to the noneditorial hockey experts at *Penthouse* World HQ to handicap the upcoming NHL season. And with good reason: They called the Kings' title last year.



MIKE, PRODUCTION



ANTHONY, ACCOUNTING



Sidney Crosby

STANLEY CUP FINALISTS:

Los Angeles Kings vs. New York Rangers

"They are the two most complete teams in the league, strong at every position, especially goaltender. This would be a dream matchup for league execs."



STANLEY CUP FINALISTS:

New York Rangers vs. Chicago Blackhawks

"Two Original Six teams that are primed to win and have much to prove after disappointing endings last year."

CHAMPION: Kings

"It's hard to repeat in this league, but the Kings should have plenty left in the tank to win again, and [Rangers coach John] Tortorella will probably wear out his players before the Cup Final."



CHAMPION: Rangers

"Lundqvist knows his window of opportunity is narrowing, and he is a goalie who can carry a team—though as an Islanders fan, it kills me to make this prediction."

HART TROPHY [MVP]:

Steven Stamkos, Tampa Bay

"The Lightning improved their defensive support this year, and that will free up Stamkos to do what he does best—put the puck in the net. Surprise team of the East?"



HART TROPHY [MVP]:

Sidney Crosby, Pittsburgh Penguins

"Love him or hate him, he's still the best all-around player in the league, and he'll be looking to make up for all the time he lost to injury the past two years."

CALDER TROPHY [top rookie]:

Nail Yakupov, Edmonton Oilers

"Chris Kreider of the Rangers will come close, but Yakupov, the No. 1 pick of the 2012 draft, will be given plenty of opportunities alongside some scary-talented teammates: Ryan Nugent-Hopkins, Taylor Hall, and Jordan Eberle."



CALDER TROPHY [top rookie]:

Nail Yakupov, Edmonton Oilers

"There may be a hidden gem out there, but this guy has to be the front-runner, especially with all the good, young talent around him."

VEZINA TROPHY [top goaltender]:

Niklas Bäckström, Minnesota Wild

"The addition of Ryan Suter to their defense will help Bäckström win this trophy."



VEZINA TROPHY [top goaltender]:

Henrik Lundqvist, New York Rangers

"If my Stanley Cup prediction does come true, Lundqvist will be the main reason for it."

BURNING QUESTION: If fighting is so important for "self-policing" in the NHL, why do fisticuffs decrease to one-fifth of their regular-season rate in the playoffs?

"The instigator penalty eliminated most retaliatory fights, but that didn't necessarily make playoff hockey into a more gentlemanly game last year. There were plenty of cheap shots during the post-season that resulted in injuries. That was particularly noticeable in the early rounds."



BURNING QUESTION: If fighting is so important for "self-policing" in the NHL, why do fisticuffs decrease to one-fifth of their regular-season rate in the playoffs?

"There's better refereeing in the playoffs, where the cost of losing a game is too high. The regular season is a building block of 82 games. I think much of the 'two goons' fighting in the NHL is unnecessary, but every now and then an example needs to be set."



Al "the Mad Hungarian" Hrabosky



Mark "the Bird" Fidrych



Nomar Garciaparra

THE WEIRD OLD GAME

If Brian Wilson's beard, the Angels' rally monkey, or Oakland's Coco Crisp make an appearance in this month's baseball playoffs, they'll be extending the game's long, proud tradition of weirdness.

By Noah Davis

The late, great George Carlin once said that baseball is the only major sport that appears backward in a mirror. That excellent observation is true, but the game—not just its mirror image—has more than its share of backward customs, and we're not just talking about the rally cap. Baseball is positively overflowing with weirdness.

There are several reasons for this, but chief among them is the amount of downtime in the pastime. Consider the life of a Major League Baseball player: He plays at least 162 games a year. At three hours an outing, that's roughly 20 straight days of hanging out in the dugout, watching the grass grow, and occasionally trying to hit a tiny object hurled at him. And that doesn't count the hours before the game spent stretching, fielding ground balls, taking batting practice, and adjusting the jockstrap. Nor does it include the hours after the game spent showering, taking ice baths, and providing pithy quotes to the media. Oh, and there are also the flights to various cities around the country and the endless string of hotel rooms.

You get the picture: Baseball players have a lot of time on their hands and not a whole lot to do. Sometimes, shit gets weird. Well, more than sometimes. Greg Prince, coauthor of baseball blog Faith and Fear in Flushing, explains it thusly: "The long season, the long road trips, the long intervals between games with no particular responsibilities, [combined with] relatively young men who've been, for the most part, focused on nothing but becoming ballplayers since they were children—like a geisha in training. I think it all contributes to strange behavior." Will Leitch, the founder of Deadspin and a lifelong St. Louis Cardinals fan, says the mind plays tricks on itself when subjected to such monotonous repetition. "When you have such a regular, repetitive activity taking place for such an extended period of time," he says, "it's perfectly reasonable that superstition and eccentricity rule. You find yourself crediting the ephemeral rather than the logical, which leads to wearing a garter belt when you're in a slump."

Okay then. So where does all this strange behavior appear? Let's break it down.

RITUALS AND SUPERSTITIONS

Baseball contains more repetitive actions than an international OCD conference. When a player finds something that works, he sticks with it until the magic stops. Or, he sticks with it just because it makes him comfortable in a highly psychological sport. "It's a more mental sport than others, but mental in a split-second, reactive way," says Leitch. "Everything just clicks naturally, until one day it doesn't. That would make me crazy, too."

So you get Nomar Garciaparra and his famous battery of batting-glove fidgets. Or Wade Boggs, who ate fried chicken and fielded exactly 150 ground balls before each game. (Boggs also reportedly drank 64 beers on cross-country flights, but that's another story.) Moises Alou pissed on his hands to make the skin tough. He avoided batting gloves like his teammates avoided shaking hands with him. Al "the Mad Hungarian" Hrabosky entered games to the dulcet tones of Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, then talked to himself throughout his appearance. The behavior clearly scared batters, as he went 13-3 in 1975 with a league-leading 22 saves. Mark "the Bird" Fidrych, who got his nickname because he looked like a certain Sesame Street character, won the 1976 Rookie of the Year award and the hearts of Detroit Tigers fans with his goofy pitching presence. He would frequently kneel down on the mound to smooth out cleat marks with his hands; he talked to himself and to the ball, which he also sometimes aimed like a dart. He occasionally rejected balls from the umpire, insisting they be removed from the game because they "had hits in them," and he swaggered around the mound after every out. All of which caused legions of fans, called "Bird Watchers," to flock to his games. Fidrych died in a farm accident in 2009, but his weird, beloved antics may live on forever.

FACIAL HAIR

From Oscar Gamble's gigantic Afro to Brian Wilson's absurdly overgrown, dyed-black beard, baseball players have long dabbled in the pursuit of the hirsute. "Ballplayers seem overly obsessed with hair: facial hair—think relief pitchers growing allegedly intimidating beards—and hair on the head," Prince says. "If they're not shaving each other's heads, they're bleaching their own."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (HRABOSKY/FIDRYCH) BETTMANN/CORBIS, (GARCIA-PARRA) ANDREW GOMBERG/CORBIS, (BOGGS) JIM MCISAAC/GETTY IMAGES, (FINGERS) BEN MARGOT/AP PHOTO, (ZUNIGA) NICK LAHAY/GETTY IMAGES



Goose
Gossage



Rollie Fingers

FROM OSCAR GAMBLE'S GIGANTIC AFRO TO BRIAN WILSON'S BEARD, AND THE MUSTACHES OF FINGERS AND GOSSAGE (ABOVE), BASEBALL PLAYERS HAVE LONG DABBLED IN THE PURSUIT OF THE HIRSUTE.

Left Field Cards, an indie baseball-card maker based in Brooklyn, released a set of ten cards dedicated to Marvelous Mustaches. (There's also a set focusing on weird injuries. More on those shortly.) Included are Goose Gossage's horseshoe 'stache, Don Mattingly's Magnum, and Rod Beck's trucker look, adopted by the Kenny Powers character on *Eastbound & Down*. Rollie Fingers, the famous Oakland A's reliever, initially let his whiskers go wild because he had a clause in his contract that paid him \$300 to grow a mustache. He liked what he saw. The result: A waxed handlebar that became inseparable from the pitcher's persona.

The reigning world champion of the facial-hair contest, however, has to be the San Francisco Giants' closer Wilson. His jet-black beard keeps expanding, pushing past the limits of good taste and into the realm of "Is that man actually a werewolf?" It works, though. His facial hair, like that of many before him, is simply a product of the culture. "That could only happen when 25 twenty-somethings are locked in a room together for six months," Leitch says.

INJURIES

Athletes get injured. It's an occupational hazard. But boy, baseball players sure can hurt themselves in unusual ways. For every guy who does something semi-understandable, like breaking a hand punching a water-cooler or a locker after a poor performance, there's a Steve Sparks. The journeyman right-hander dislocated his shoulder while trying to rip apart a phone book. He'd been inspired in the attempt by a motivational speaker. Try explaining that to your skipper. But Sparks was never very good, so his loss was minimal. Superstar (and championship drinker) Wade Boggs had to miss six games in the 1986 season after he lost his balance, fell into a couch, and hurt his ribs. What threw him off balance? He was removing his cowboy boots, of course.

Nolan Ryan also once fell victim to life on the range, when he was bitten by a coyote. Ryan responded by putting the animal in a headlock and beating it senseless. No, wait, that's what Ryan did to Robin Ventura when the Chicago White Sox hitter charged the mound in 1993. Joel Zumaya, another flame-throwing pitcher, could hurl a baseball more than 100 miles an hour, something only a handful of men (including Ryan) in the history of the game could do. Yet his overpowering velocity may not be Zumaya's legacy. Not after he missed the 2006 playoffs due to wrist inflammation caused by ... wait for it ... playing too much *Guitar Hero*.

Rock on, man, rock on. Own your weirdness. The rest of your sport does. **OT**



Joel Zumaya

Weird Names

- J. J. Putz; 2003-present; Mariners, Mets, White Sox, Diamondbacks
- Coco Crisp; 2002-present; Indians, Red Sox, Royals, A's
- Urban Shocker; 1916-28; Yankees, St. Louis Browns
- Bris Lord; 1905-13; A's, Naps, Braves
- Van Lingle Mungo; 1931-45; Brooklyn Robins, Dodgers, Giants

Weird Names, Innuendo Division

- Dick Pole; 1973-78; Red Sox, Mariners
- Rusty Kuntz; 1979-85; White Sox, Twins, Tigers
- Johnny Dickshot; 1936-45; Pirates, Giants, White Sox
- Jack Glasscock; 1879-95; nine teams
- Pete La Cock; 1972-80; Cubs, Royals

Players Who Mysteriously Forgot How to Throw a Baseball

- Mackey Sasser; 1987-95; Giants, Pirates, Mets, Mariners
- Steve Blass; 1964-74; Pirates
- Steve Sax; 1981-94; Dodgers, Yankees, White Sox, A's
- Chuck Knoblauch; 1991-2002; Twins, Yankees, Royals
- Rick Ankiel; 1999-2012; Cardinals, Braves, Royals, Nationals

More F'd-Up Superstitions

- Wade Boggs: Wrote the Hebrew word "chai" (life) in the batter's box before each at-bat. (He isn't Jewish.)
- Kevin Rhomberg: Had to touch back anyone who touched him. If someone somehow eluded his touch, he sent them a letter saying, "This constitutes a touch." (We are not making this up.)
- Mike Hargrove: Nicknamed "the Human Rain Delay" for his elaborate batter's-box routine.
- Lou "the Mad Russian" Novikoff: Insisted that his wife, Esther, taunt him, loudly, from the stands during at-bats. **OT**

HOLIDAY GAMING

SURV GUIDE



The annual Armageddon of holiday releases is nearly upon us. Survive the assault with our big breakdown of the games made just for you.

By Crispin Boyer



Halo 4

Microsoft (Xbox 360)

The good guy: Master Chief Petty Officer John-117 (just Master Chief to his friends and foes).

The bad guys: The ancient alien race known as the Forerunners.

The gear: Plasma pistols, sniper rifles, machine guns, the trusty Warthog jeep, Master Chief's ability-boosting Spartan armor.

The gist: *Halo 4* picks up where the last game left off and launches a second trilogy, this one from a new developer. The last time we saw twenty-sixth-century space knight Master Chief, he had won the war against the Covenant but ended up lost in space. Now he finds himself on an uncharted planet once inhabited by the Forerunners, the alien race who built the previous games' Halo space stations. The series' endlessly fun firefights once again make up the bulk of the game, but this time Master Chief will do as much exploring as shooting. A.I. sidekick Cortana provides moral support and insight into Forerunner technology, despite suffering from a serious case of the glitches. If only Master Chief had landed on a planet of IT guys.

I V A L



Target Practice

Lock and load these shooters of the highest caliber.



Medal of Honor Warfighter

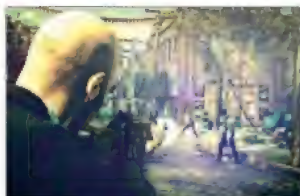
EA (Xbox 360, PS3, PC, Wii U)

The good guys: Tier 1 Operators, aka the baddest good guys in the U.S. military.

The bad guys: Terrorists and insurgents, aka evildoers.

The gear: Every modern gun under the sun.

The gist: This is so authentic it should be classified. It was created with the help of real-life warriors who shared the details of their most harrowing counterterrorism and rescue missions across the globe, which makes for levels that feel ripped from the headlines. You'll rescue hostages from the stronghold of warlord Abu Sayyaf in the Philippines, assault a pirate town on the Somali coast, and even [redacted by the Defense Department]. As in 2010's prequel, objects in the environment will disintegrate under fire, so you can't just cower behind cover until the bad guys' guns run dry.



Hitman: Absolution

Square Enix (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

The good guy: Agent 47, chrome-domed master of disguise and assassination.

The bad guys: Backstabbing friends, the cops, pretty much everyone else.

The gear: Silenced handguns, knives, and costumes for getting close to the target.

The gist: Genetically bred assassin Agent 47 is *the man* when it comes to hit men, but the master assassin gets in over his tattooed head in this latest killing spree. Betrayed by his former allies and on the run from the law, he must rely on his dead-eye aim and costume trickery to avoid becoming a hit himself. This installment's most lethal feature is something called "Instinct" mode, a special ability earned from executing classic *Hitman* gameplay moves. "Instinct" lets you peer through the eyes of Agent 47 and make use of his heightened senses to sniff out betrayals, choose the safest path, and basically survive in the business of death.



007 Legends

Activision (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

The good guy: Bond, James Bond.

The bad guys: The all-stars of arch-villainy from the Bond films.

The gear: The best spy gadgets, vehicles, and weapons from Q's lab.

The gist: While past James Bond games have tried to re-create particular films in the franchise, *007 Legends* just focuses on the good stuff. It blends six of the superspy's most famous missions into an overarching storyline starring Daniel Craig as the Martini-sipping MI6 agent. You'll sneak, charm, and blast your way through classic scenarios from *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, *Moonraker*, and even the new *Skyfall*, relying on Bond's wits, gadgets, and vehicles to outfox famous villains. Four-player split-screen multiplayer resurrects the competitive spirit of dorm-room fave *GoldenEye 64*.



MVP: Most Valuable Plaything

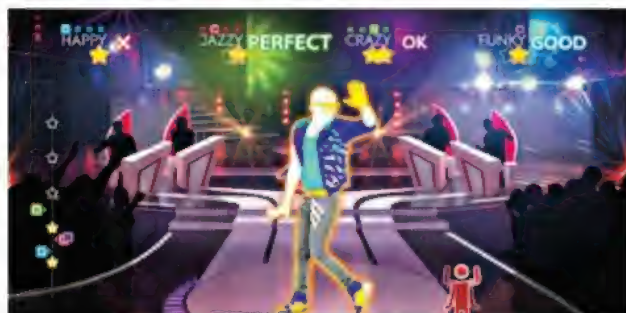
Pulse wireless stereo headset

Sony • \$150

The Pulse has a built-in mike for talking trash while you blast your online buddies, but it's a real peacemaker for any gamer who lives in a cramped apartment building. The headset simulates 7.1 virtual surround sound for PS3 games, movies, and mobile devices, such as the Vita. Beyond supporting positional sound effects, it delivers bass-triggered thumps to the ear pads. (It's like having a subwoofer for your skull.) A USB adapter provides wireless connectivity to your PS3, but you can use the 3.5-mm audio cable to plug the Pulse into smartphones, TVs, and your Vita device.

Couples Therapy

Get your girlfriend to play along with these chick-friendly games.



Just Dance 4

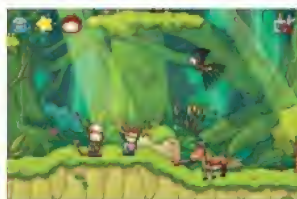
Ubisoft (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, Wii U)

The good guy: You, for tolerating endless dance sessions to *Call Me Maybe*.

The bad guys: Show-off opponents in the new "Battle" mode dance-off.

The gear: The Kinect is required for the Xbox 360; on PS3, each player needs a Move controller.

The gist: A game with benefits, *Just Dance 4* comes with more than 40 danceable tracks in every genre (from pop to rock to country), plus a "Just Sweat" mode that's really a full-featured dance-workout program in disguise. In the Wii U version, one player can wield the touch-screen controller and play puppet master for up to four other dancers, changing tunes and moves on the fly while snapping embarrassing photos to share online.



Scribblenauts Unlimited

Warner Bros. Interactive (Wii U)

The good guy: Maxwell, hand-drawn hero in a world where scribbles come to life.

The bad guys: Dinosaurs, ninjas, wizards, other sketchy sketches.

The gear: Everything.

The gist: Use the Wii U's touch-screen controller as a keyboard to summon any object you can think of—from jet packs to time machines to Norse gods—to help Maxwell solve puzzles and reach the end of each level. Not only can you conjure, say, a tyrannosaurus to chomp enemies, but you can modify these objects with adjectives for unpredictable (shy zombie tyrannosaurus!) results. You'll impress your lady with your creative problem-solving skills, and you can always pass the controller if you get stumped.



Sound Shapes

Sony (PS Vita)

The good guy: A sticky little musical blob.

The bad guys: Roving enemies and lasers that try to blast you in time to the beat.

The gear: A vast variety of tools for making your own musical levels.

The gist: This looks like a low-fi relic from the days of 2-D gaming. What you can't see, however, is that everything in the game's world makes music when you interact with it. Collecting notes adds to each stage's tune, and playing to the beat helps you dodge enemies and leap chasms. "You're creating the soundtrack as you play," says creator Jonathan Mak. *Sound Shapes* functions as an instrument as well as a game, letting you and your lady make beautiful music together.

Adventure Quenchers

Expand your horizons in these games that take you places.



The Unfinished Swan

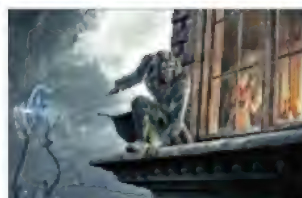
Sony (PS3)

The good guy: Monroe, a swan-obsessed kid.

The bad guy: Evil incarnate.

The gear: Cans of flat exterior latex.

The gist: A dazzling high-concept adventure best described as a first-person painter, *The Unfinished Swan* is proof that, yep, games can also be art. You start the story in a world that's completely white. Lobbing globs of paint reveals the scenery as you chase down a runaway swan escaped from a painting. Think that sounds surreal? The paint-the-white-world gameplay makes up just the first 15 minutes. After that, things really start to get wild. You'll want to keep playing just to see what happens next.



Dishonored

Bethesda Softworks (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

The good guy: A guard framed for murdering the empress.

The bad guy: A power-hungry government official.

The gear: Blades for silent slaying, magical artifacts that liven up the task of killing.

The gist: A disgraced bodyguard goes on the blood-soaked trail for answers and vengeance. The fun lies in figuring out the most creative ways to exterminate foes. Should you teleport? Stop time? Possess one enemy and turn him against another? Use shadows and spells for stealth or simply charge into the fray in a bloody whirlwind of blades? The game and its steampunk-inspired metropolis have style and supernatural substance.



Paper Mario: Sticker Star

Nintendo (3DS)

The good guys: Mario and Luigi, gaming's original gangsters/plumbing contractors.

The bad guy: That rotten Bowser.

The gear: Stickers that grant abilities when you peel 'em off the landscape.

The gist: It might look like a Saturday-morning cartoon compared to, say, the latest *Call of Duty*, but this game has a lot to offer fully grown dudes. Trek from one end of Mario's world to the other, swiping stickers that grant our heroes superpowers, such as a scissors sticker that dismembers enemies and a giant fan that blasts new paths through the environment. Everything is paper-thin, as in past *Paper Mario* games, but the levels pop off the screen in 3-D.



ZombiU

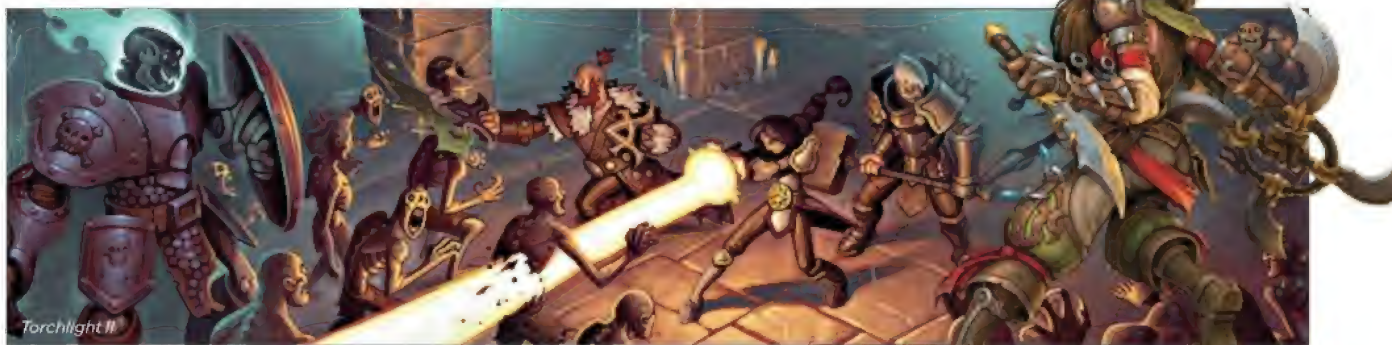
Ubisoft (Wii U)

The good guy: A survivor in a city of walking dead.

The bad guys: Infected hordes out for blood, guts, and brains.

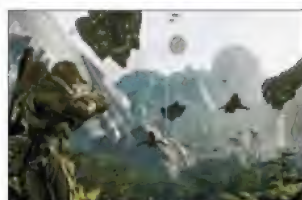
The gear: Bladed weapons, big guns, survival equipment, an X-ray scanner for seeing through walls.

The gist: A showcase title for Nintendo's new Wii U console, *ZombiU* turns the touch-screen controller into a survival kit for dealing with an undead outbreak in London. Access it to use maps, weapons, supplies, and your X-ray scanner. As you'd expect from any game starring the recently deceased, death isn't the end. You continue in the body of another survivor—and can even track down your old shambling corpse to recover your equipment.



Games With Thrones

Wield swords and/or sorcery in these roleplaying titles.



Baldur's Gate: Enhanced Edition

Overhaul Games (PC, Mac, iPad, Android devices)

The good guys: A ragtag party of wizards, thieves, warriors, and barbarians.

The bad guys: Demon spawn going medieval on the Sword Coast.

The gear: Enough swords and other sharp objects to outfit an army of *Game of Thrones* cosplayers.

The gist: The original *Baldur's Gate* is like a fine mead for roleplaying aficionados, a heady draught of deep character customization and strategic combat in a sprawling world. Overhaul Games has taken both the first game and its epic sequel and remastered them for tablet devices and the PC, enhancing both games with new characters and quests, an updated interface, and added cinematics. Grizzled series veterans will appreciate the core gameplay improvements, while newbies will finally see what all the fuss was about. Best of all, cross-platform multiplayer support means that PC, Mac, and tablet players can play together regardless of their respective devices.



Infinity Blade: Dungeons

Epic Games (iPhone, iPad, iPod Touch)

The good guy: A beefy blacksmith's apprentice.

The bad guys: The minions of Deathless.

The gear: Swords, axes, and eventually the ultimate weapon—the Infinity Blade itself.

The gist: A *Diablo*-style quest game designed for Apple devices, *IB: Dungeons* relies exclusively on touch-based control and gestures for navigating the world and putting the hurt on monsters. Swiping the screen initiates spells and special attacks, and touching the corners lets you explore the world of Ereth's flaming wastes, frozen landscapes, and snowcapped peaks. Like any good dungeon crawler, the game is loaded with loot and offers a deep weapons-crafting system for girding your loins. It's also the prequel to the *Infinity Blade* series, so newbies can dive right in without having to catch up on mythos minutiae.



Torchlight II

Runic Games (PC, Mac)

The good guys: Dungeon-spelunking warriors and magic users ... and their pets.

The bad guy: A mysterious villain who picks up where the first game's ancient evil left off.

The gear: Magic weapons, amulets, pieces of exotic armor—aka loot.

The gist: An action roleplaying epic that's more than a little tardy (perhaps you remember reading about it in last year's holiday guide?), *Torchlight II* is actually hitting at the perfect time for loot-starved players who've squeezed every bit of gameplay out of *Diablo III*. In many ways, this is the better of the two dungeon crawlers. It offers deeper player-customization options, a more engaging story, and pet sidekicks for backup and added personality. And unlike the first *Torchlight*, the sequel offers a multiplayer mode that lets players raid dungeons and dismember monsters together.



MVP: Most Valuable Plaything

iCade 8-Bitty joypad

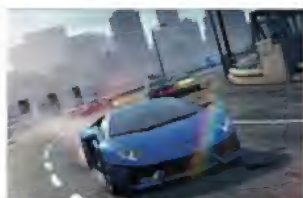
ThinkGeek.com • \$30

Smartphones and tablets have evolved into incredibly powerful gaming machines, but their touch-screen controls just don't push gamers' buttons. The iCade's pocket-friendly 8-Bitty joypad, modeled after a classic NES controller from the eighties, is sure to help you score. It links via Bluetooth to your mobile device and offers precision control. In addition to its D-pad for movement, it boasts four face buttons, Select, Start, and two shoulder buttons—basically everything an old-school gamer needs to dominate the hundreds of compatible Android and Apple iOS titles. It even comes with *Missile Command* for free.



Speed Demons

Burn virtual rubber in these high-octane racing games.



Need for Speed: Most Wanted

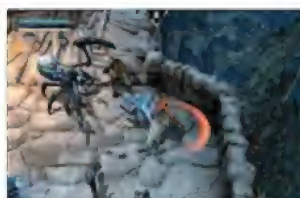
EA (Xbox 360, PS3, PC, PS Vita, iPhone, Android devices)

The good guy: You, the lead-footed fuzz-buster.

The bad guys: The cops—plus all your pals in online races.

The gear: Exotic autos and lots of nitrous oxide.

The gist: Criterion Games, the developer famous for the wreck-riddled *Burnout* series, hops in the driver's seat for this "reimagining" of the cops-vs.-speeders classic, so you can expect a lot more high-speed demolition in each getaway mission. *Most Wanted* players will have to watch for more than just the heat in their rearview mirrors; robust new online modes pit your friends against you in sprawling multiplayer races. A new stat-recording system records absolutely everything you do in the game, letting you settle arguments over who's the biggest speed freak or most nimble at drifting through the hairpins.



NASCAR the Game: Inside Line

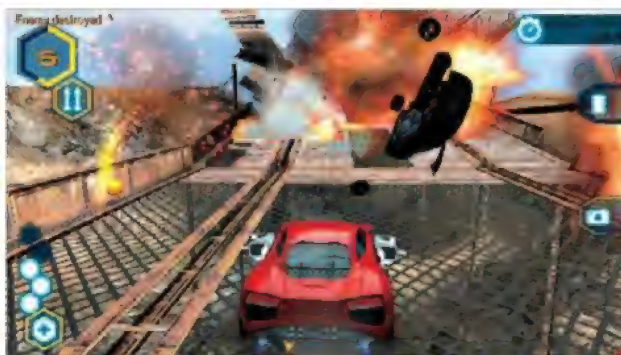
Ubisoft (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii)

The good guys: All the top NASCAR Sprint Cup Series drivers.

The bad guys: No-good drifters who siphon off your speed.

The gear: Every official car and sweet sponsor decal.

The gist: Racing on asphalt ovals against Chevies plastered with Tide and Mello Yello logos might not sound like the most exciting premise, but this clumsily named videogame manages to capture the speed, spills, and thrills of the redneck sport. The secret is the strategy: Team spotters offer feedback via radio on when to tailgate, block, or slingshot to the front of the pack. Tire wear and every little dent affect driving performance, thanks to the most realistic physics system in a NASCAR game to date. Forty-car pileups at 200 miles per hour have never looked so good.



Spy Hunter

Warner Bros. Interactive (PS Vita, Nintendo 3DS)

The good guy: The "Agent," your high-speed highway hero.

The bad guys: Enemy agents holed up in their strongholds.

The gear: The G-6155 Interceptor supercar, plus an aerial-support drone.

The gist: The blocky, top-down graphics of the eighties arcade original have been replaced with supercharged 3-D visuals, but *Spy Hunter* is essentially the same game: offensive highway driving against enemy SUVs. Your tricked-out supercar wields more than just oil slicks and fender-mounted cannons. It transforms into an off-road assault vehicle and a speedboat, letting you take multiple routes through each level. The aerial support drone beams intel to your dashboard during assaults on enemy bases, while a crash cam lets you savor your most thrilling kills in slick slow-motion.



MVP: Most Valuable Plaything

SRW-S1 PC Steering Wheel

SteelSeries • \$120

Bristling with more than 20 buttons, dials, and levers, this heavy-duty steering peripheral is a little daunting to wield during your first test-drive, but there's a reason it looks like Mission Control: It's modeled after a real F1 car's wheel. The SRW-S1 was built especially for the *Simraceway* online game, but it's compatible and customizable with all PC racing games. Built-in gyroscopes sense the wheel's motion as you hold it in front of you, meaning you don't need to bolt this beast to your desk to use it. Acceleration, braking, and shifting are controlled with paddles on the rear of the controller. Holding the rig during the long haul can make your shoulders burn, so keep a tub of Icy Hot handy for pit stops.

Jock Stars

Unleash your armchair athlete in these hard-hitting sports games.



NBA 2K13

2K Sports (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, Wii U, PC, PSP)

The good guys: Name your NBA hero. They're all here.

The bad guys: Random teenage jackasses who challenge you to an online game.

The gear: The Wii U version adds touch-screen controls for console rookies afraid of clutching a joypad.

The gist: After selling upward of five million copies and snatching more than 25 sports-game-of-the-year awards with *NBA 2K12*, developer 2K Sports isn't about to drop the b-ball with this year's installment. (They even hired entertainment mogul and series enthusiast Jay-Z as the game's executive producer, so the soundtrack will be epic.) Along with an enhanced player-creation mode, dynamic shot generator, and new player abilities, *NBA 2K13* comes with lots of fun little extras, including a slam-dunk contest that pits NBA legends against the up-and-comers. Can Larry Bird soar higher than Kevin Durant from downtown? Will Michael Jordan out-dunk Blake Griffin? Play the game and find out.



Sports Connection

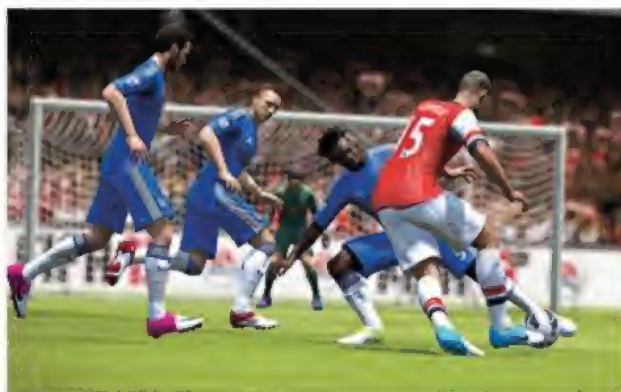
Ubisoft (Wii U)

The good guy: You, the jock of all trades.

The bad guys: Up to four buddies who can compete against you.

The gear: The Wii U's fancy touch-screen controller and the Wii Remote.

The gist: In this collection of multi-player events for Nintendo's new Wii U console, each sport uses the system's touch-screen controller to give a personal view of the action that's separate from what other players see on the television screen. Use it to sack the quarterback in football, unleash trick kicks in soccer, or scan the golf course to offer caddy tips to other players. You can even use the touch screen like a steering wheel in go-kart races. Support for the Wii Remote means you'll still swing for the fences in baseball and return volleys in tennis just by wiggling your wrist.



FIFA Soccer 13

EA Sports (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii U)

The good guys: Like-minded footy fans who rally around your favorite team on EA Sports' new Football Club social site.

The bad guys: Online hooligans who quit playing when they realize you're trouncing them.

The gear: Official uniforms and equipment for more than 500 teams.

The gist: Just because soccer isn't the most popular pastime in the good ol' U.S. of A. doesn't mean you should pass up this ultimate football simulation. Computer-controlled players are as aggressive as any *Madden* linebacker in full blitz, thanks to a new attacking intelligence system that allows opponents to work together to break down your defenses. More precise dribbling control gives you more freedom to spring your attack and outfox the defense. But if the thought of true-to-life dribbling doesn't exactly make you drool, maybe the game's enhanced physics engine will thrill you with its bone-rattling player collisions. It turns soccer into a contact sport.

Cheap Classics

Blasts from the past for very little cash.



Double Dragon: Neon

WayForward Technologies (Xbox 360, PS3)

Brawler brothers Billy and Jimmy return in this tongue-in-cheek sequel to the acid-washed arcade hit, crafted with modern design sensibilities but loaded with loving nods to the original.



Doom 3: BFG Edition

Bethesda Softworks (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

The first three *Doom* games—and their assorted hell spawn—get the high-definition treatment in this collection of pioneering first-person shooters.



Tony Hawk's Pro Skater HD

Activision (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

The Birdman flies again in this revamped rerelease of the cube-gleaming classic that got everyone into the daily grind. For \$15, you get seven levels, eight pros, four online modes, and more. **C+ ■**

RUN RAY RUN

My friend is on the run, with the faint breeze of South Florida freedom whipping through his hair, but there is no sweet finish line in sight.

**By A. J. Benza
Illustrations by Jon Proctor**

As I write this, my buddy is out of jail, but as soon as the law catches up with him, he's headed back to prison. He's currently free of the wrist and leg cuffs he's worn at various times, but he's still psychologically shackled whenever he picks up the scent of the lawmen who have drawn a bull's-eye on his ass. "Ray"—my brother from another mother—is on the lam.

I have tried to find the imperceptible pivot in time when the tumblers in Ray's brain fell open and in rushed

the idea of living a criminal life. Before that moment, we had shared everything boys born five houses away from each other share: classrooms, teachers, field trips, and study halls. We shared interest in weights, women, and wine. Hell, he even dated my first wife, before I married her back in our high-haired eighties heyday.



Truth be told, the moment when Ray and I suffered a quiet split of sorts was when we sat in a movie theater and the credits rolled on *Scarface*. I left wanting to be Al Pacino, Ray wanted to be Tony Montana. We both, more or less, got our wish. I went to New York City, studied with Pacino's teachers, and performed all his plays in college. In the mid-eighties, I was lucky enough to actually sit and eat with Pacino one day at a joint in the Village. We talked about "the art of being," and how good acting is nothing more than absolutely knowing the exact emotion needed.

"But how can I possibly know all those emotions at my age?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "you gotta go out and live a life. Not just exist, you understand? You gotta go out and fuckin' live, man."

Obviously, I was over the moon. I was also ready to end my five-year marriage and—as Al advised me—go out and live. As it turns out, Ray was already doing exactly that.

Ray had hooked up with a local mafioso, "Mikey Boats," who was the pied piper of Long Island's lost souls. Ray had been given a local cocaine route that catered to all the spoiled-rotten rich kids. It didn't take long for either one of us, with the energy and ignorance of youth on our sides, to excel in our own rights. While I moved on to navigating the world of callbacks, Ray was learning how to negotiate in kilos. I was happy commuting to New York City in the Toyota Corolla I'd won in the divorce, and Ray was whipping around town in his cherry-red Corvette with his centerfold girlfriend riding shotgun. We both had the world on a string. But then Ray's string snapped.

When Boats got pinched on a drug rap, it was big news in our little Long Island town. Even bigger news for the nosy neighbors was the vast number of local teenagers in his crew. Since Ray was Boats's biggest earner and his name had been mentioned in various conversations on a tapped phone, it wasn't long before the law came for him, waking him up in the bedroom of his childhood home, complete with potted palm trees on each side of his bed. "Looks like we got little *Scarface* here," one of the cops said.



Oh, yeah. They got that right.

Ray did a few years on that particular pinch. But as the years went on, he'd inevitably pursue a different crime, and his luck was getting worse and worse. His longest prison stretch came when the feds in Florida got him on a RICO charge for consorting with a known organized-crime figure. At the time, Ray—who by then was a couple of years south of 40—called me. "I'm a criminal," he said. "I know other criminals. Who the fuck do they expect me to talk with? Doctors, architects, schoolkids?"

It was funny, astute, and sad all at the same time. But it was the last we'd speak for a long time, as the judge gave Ray ten years.

With me enjoying a career in Hollywood and eventually building a family, Ray and I were worlds apart. We lost touch for nearly a decade. But with the advent of social media, Ray got a bit nostalgic and looked me up. He had a year left on his sentence, and we began to write letters to each other at a frenzied pace. Mine were filled with the highs of fatherhood and a career in the fast lane. His were filled with the horrors of prison life and constant promises that once he tasted freedom, he'd never again hear a steel door lock hard behind him.

When Ray was released in the summer of 2011, I made sure I was there to see his first few steps as a free man. He was a couple of good meals under 200 pounds, and he walked like his feet hadn't negotiated grass in a long time. We hugged like we had back when we were kids. "Trust me, bro," he swore. "I ain't going back ever again. I've seen too many guys get killed over nothing. Killed in their sleep. Killed with a bag of locks. Killed with a sharpened toothbrush. I'm

too old for this shit."

But try as he might, Ray is a model recidivist.

A few months into the good life, Ray was humping it for a company that transported vehicles all over the country. One day, some new hire got all swelled up over some office nonsense and went toes and nose to Ray—not a good thing to do to an ex-con. Ray beat him up good enough to violate his parole and put himself on the burner for strike No. 3. But before that came to trial, Ray called me one day with unexpected news: "My piss tested dirty, kiddo. Coke and steroids. I'm done now."

"What are you gonna do?" I asked.

"Gotta go on a long vacation. I'll reach out to you when I can. You see a Florida area code, pick up the phone. That'll be me. I love ya, kid."

Months went by before I heard his familiar cackle over the phone. His Facebook account went dead and his cellphone was shut off. As far as Ray was concerned, he had to wipe himself off the radar to avoid certain and undeniable capture.

After about 100 days of silence, my iPhone started to beep with arriving cellphone images, texts, and random late-night calls. Most of the pictures were of coked-up strippers with their faces in Ray's naked lap, or a perfect pair of tits with the text, "Look at these bull's-eyes!" Once he sent a picture of an empty chair on a desolate Florida beach with the message, "Life on the lam ain't too bad out here."

I got a picture Ray had taken of himself swelled to a giant mass of



“YOU SHOULD SEE THEM RUN OUT. WELL, THEY DON’T EXACTLY RUN, BUT THEY GET WHAT THEY NEED.”

muscles and flexing for the camera. I finally picked up one night when I happened to be putting my four-year-old son to bed. “What the fuck are you eating out there?” I asked.

Ray laughed and laughed. “Just a steady diet of steroids and HGH, kiddo. If and when I do go back, I’m gonna walk in a 300-pound gorilla.”

The call turned more serious after I handed off the kid to my wife. I asked Ray how he was getting along and what he was getting by on, besides blow and beautiful girls.

“I’m hustling. Doing what I gotta do to stay on the run and keep this up. It’s expensive, bro. Staying in motels, buying coke and [steroid] kits, chasing a girl now and then. It’s expensive and it’s lonely. I’m in a new spot every few nights.”

I wondered if the law was closing in. Ray told me that a few weeks earlier they had pushed in the door to his former employer. And then, just a few nights later, some U.S. marshals had come to his mother’s house to talk to her. The evening before that, Ray had been there cooking lobster ravioli. He sounded weary.

“Blood runs when the end comes, pal,” I said to him. “You gonna find a way to cozy up to eternity?” Three of our old friends had tried suicide, one successfully just a few weeks earlier. This was the most delicate way to ask if Ray was headed for the same fate.

“I thought about it,” he said.

“But that would make my mother cry. I can’t make her cry forever.”

“So what are you gonna do?”

“I gotta find myself a new ‘hood. Can’t stay in South Florida anymore. I’ll holler at ya.”

I would tell this story to certain friends who were amazed that we were keeping in touch. “What if they’re tapping your phone?” they’d ask.

“What am I supposed to do, not pick up?” I would answer. “This is my friend; we go way back.”

My wife would ask, “How long do you know him, again?”

“I don’t remember *not* knowing him,” I’d tell her.


More weeks flew by. I had almost forgotten Ray was on the run. But when certain moments caught me, I would think to myself that Ray would somehow persevere. That somehow he’d spin some kind of life for himself in the middle of this horrifying free fall. A few months later, he found a slice of that life a few hundred miles north.

It’s late March and just cold enough in South Florida to complain. Ray is in a ten-year-old Camry. When he calls me he is on County Road 466, a five-

hour run from his desperate nights at the hot-sheet hotels of South Florida. He tells me he is now some 50 miles from Mickey Mouse as he passes Leesburg, which is spotted with dilapidated trailers. He says when he hits an area called the Villages it’s like pulling into Brigadoon. He drives over some hills and into a community the size of a small country. It looks like the green, rolling pastures of Ireland. He sees meticulously manicured lawns, man-made lagoons, and the pimped-out golf carts that are the favored rides of America’s AARP members. How he ended up in the Home of the Swollen Prostate, I’ll always wonder.

It turns out, this is where Ray ran to get straight and to strengthen his position. Here, he doesn’t feel the heat of the law on his back, even though he’s been making a fairly good living selling the locals a laundry list of pain pills, muscle relaxants, and, yes, Viagra, Levitra, and the like.

“I pull into an Applebee’s around happy hour and you should see them run out,” Ray says with a laugh, talking about the locals. “Well, they don’t exactly run, but they get what they need before their wives find out.” That’s because their wives and girlfriends are out learning how to line dance, while their men are enjoying two Johnnie Walker Blacks for \$5 and a little something more to get them through the night. “It was too hard dealing with those crazy fucks down in Broward,” he says. “Too many bouncers, strippers, rich pricks, and shit. Half of them would roll on me in a second. I had to get outta there. I feel like I can breathe now—a little bit, anyhow. I’m still in the gym; I’m set up with a nice girl. I’ll be all right here for a while. Quit worrying, kiddo.”

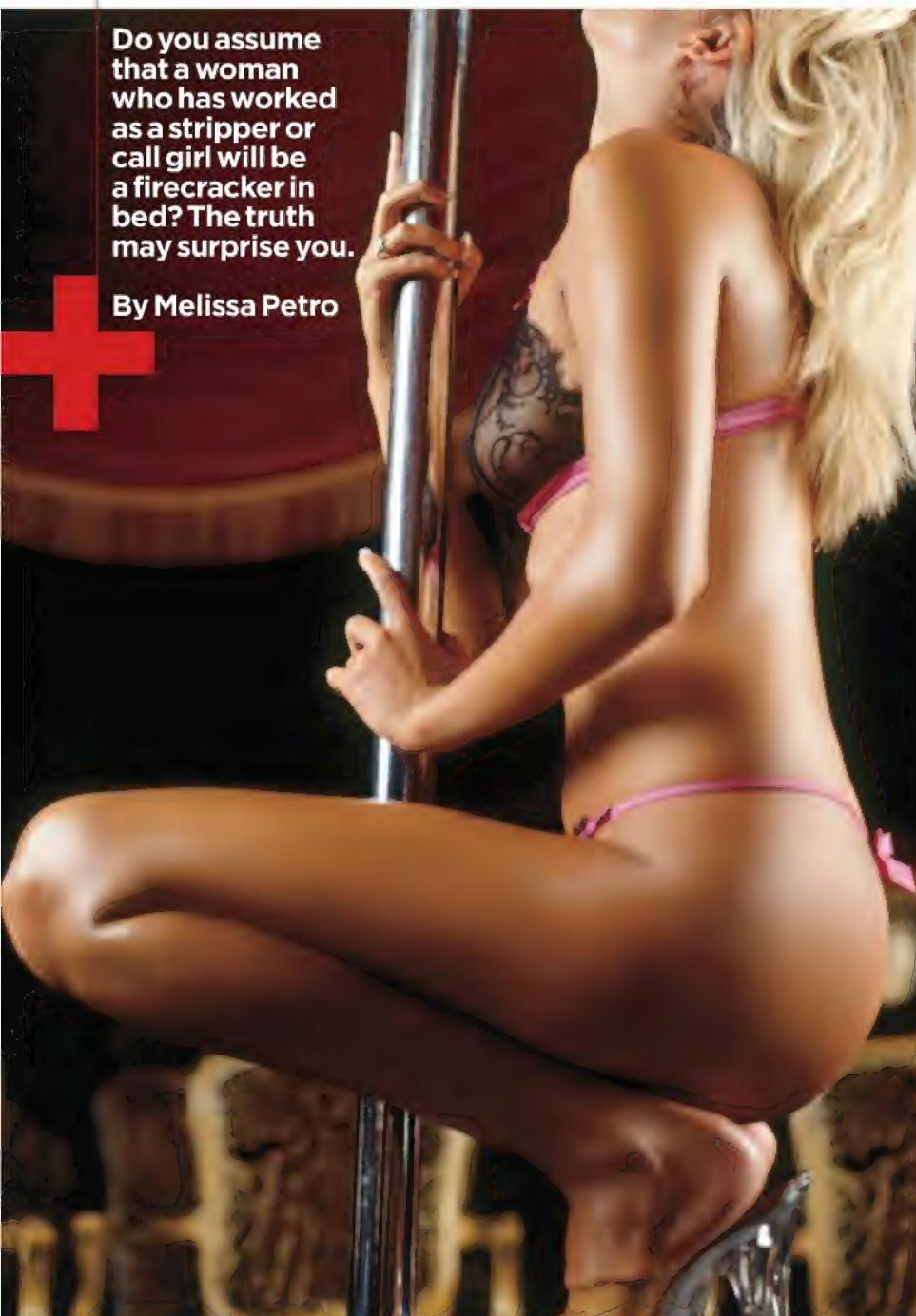
My friend might be a bit thick-headed and unlucky, but he is far from dumb. While he has somehow managed to outfox the law, he doesn’t believe for more than a few minutes at a time that he can get comfortable anywhere. But I finally think I know how he ended up there: Ray went to see how other people live, how they behave, how they smile, how they eat soup. He wants to know what it’s like to be happy again, to feel like a part of something that works, to witness the American Dream. A dream of his that ended long ago. 

Ray has since turned himself in, although the final outcome of his legal proceedings is still pending.

Sexual Healing

Do you assume that a woman who has worked as a stripper or call girl will be a firecracker in bed? The truth may surprise you.

By Melissa Petro



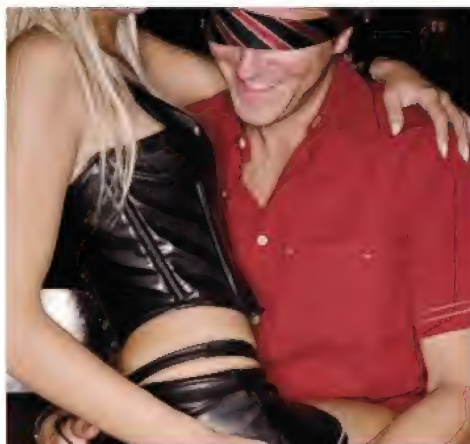
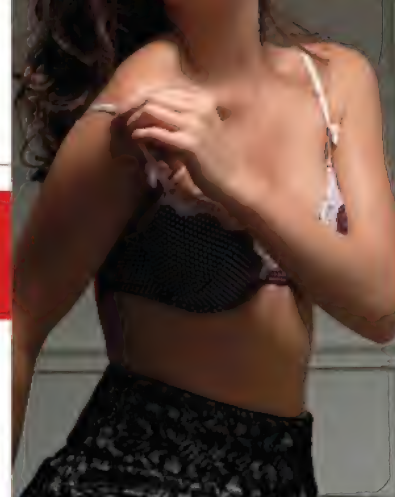
As anyone who's ever made a living being sexy knows, sex can be work. Working as a stripper and call girl were, in many ways, occupations that I loved. Of all the jobs I've had in my lifetime, stripping had the best uniform. I could make my own hours. I felt genuinely good at it. And then there was the money. As a call girl, the money was even better, but even better than that—as strange as it may sound—I also had some really great sex.

When it came to “real” sex, however—as in, not-for-money sex—I was regularly disappointed. That is, until I realized I was disappointing myself.

Sex for money was uncomplicated. With the terms agreed upon ahead of time, there was no awkward guessing. There were no sticky feelings involved. Though it was not always lust at first sight, more than once, after the two of us got naked, I was pleasantly surprised. More important than that, though, knowing that my partner was paying hundreds of dollars to be with me made me feel desirable and really turned me on.

As a call girl, I played the part of a passive sexual object, and yet I felt powerful and in control. I was entirely responsible for defining the interaction, both before and during the exchange. Calling all the shots felt sexy, and, well, even if I didn't enjoy the sex, at least I got paid.

My current boyfriend, who I've been with for just over five years, sometimes jokes that my telling him of my sex-work past when we first met was “false advertising.” But thinking that all sex workers are experts in bed is like believing that anyone who has ever worked in a kitchen must be a four-star chef. Other guys I've dated perceived me as damaged goods—victimized, either before or as a result of my profession. The idea that current or former sex workers will



Imagining myself dancing for my partner, I was reminded of how it felt performing for a stranger, and of the incredibly sexy feeling of being watched.

necessarily have any more or fewer sexual hang-ups than other women is, I imagine, simply not true. When I stopped selling sex, I had just as many (but probably no more) inhibitions as the next girl. More important, what I knew about pleasuring a man said little about what I knew of receiving pleasure myself.

We're all exposed to society's confusing messages about sex, even those of us who've made a living defying the rules. Sex, haven't we all been taught, is an expression of love and trust. It's supposed to be about communicating more than simply "I want to get off." Whereas at work, I never had a problem making myself sexually available and making men feel good—I enjoyed it, in fact. But in the real world, I was told that this is not what "ladies" do. I was not to be objectified! After all, wasn't I a feminist?

As I'm submissive by nature, providing "the girlfriend experience" for my client meant enacting not just his fantasy, but mine as well. And yet, outside of work, I assumed that sex was supposed to be different, and so, for a long time, it was different—it was bad.

Women's magazines are full of advice for keeping a live-in relationship alive: Institute a "date night," wear a little makeup every now and then, pick up after yourself, and, when


necessary, flush twice. Taking a lap-dance class, I figured, might compensate for my not doing any of these things. Similar to the way my grandma went to church just twice a year (on Easter and Christmas Eve), my showing up for one afternoon of a lap-dancing class, I told myself, would be my one great act of devotion.

Class began with a meditation. The instructor encouraged us to touch our bodies, focusing on those parts of ourselves that we liked best. I ran my hands up and down my sides before bashfully caressing my breasts. Next, we were taught some moves on the floor, while standing, and, finally, for someone sitting in a chair.

It had been nearly a decade since the last time I'd stripped. Still, I knew all the moves. Imagining myself dancing for my partner, I was reminded of how it felt performing for a stranger, and of the incredibly sexy feeling of being watched.

The biggest lesson that day was rediscovering what I already knew—what I had learned at 19 years old, when I first started stripping. All I had to do was give myself permission to apply this knowledge outside of work.

If sex for money taught me anything, I learned that sex is a physical act, and while emotions can be involved, they don't have to be. Sex needn't always be an expression of anything serious, even when it's with the person you love. That night, eager to try out my new moves, I told my boyfriend we had "homework" and I began to move. For the first time in a long time, I didn't overthink it. I let the interaction surprise me. It surprised him as well.

These days, I don't confuse sex with something it's not. Whereas sometimes my boyfriend and I make sweet, sweet love, the sex is better when we don't. I let his wish be my command, which is just how I like it. I may be a feminist, but when I'm fucking, I'd rather be a whore. 



kicking it

The sultry Adrianna Luna is ultrafeminine from head to toe, especially her “really high-pitched voice,” as she describes it. But don’t let that fool you. This Muay Thai kickboxer has a 3-1 record so far, and is up for delivering plenty of ass-kickings. Thankfully, she’s not offended by us saying she’s sexy as hell.

Photographs by Jose Cardenas and Cisco Lamessi





"The biggest risk I've ever taken in my life was quitting a corporate career and jumping into the world of adult entertainment. I have no regrets, though."









"I love working as an actress in adult films. Every day at work is different from the last, and I get to be as naughty as I want!"





"I'm up for sex with a stranger as long as I'm attracted to him and find him sexy. I'd have sex anywhere!"





ADRIANNA LUNA
NOVEMBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"The most remarkable erotic experience I've had was being tied up and having sex while I was suspended from the ceiling."

34th ADRIANNA LUNA
NOVEMBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP





OF ADRIANNA LUNA
NOVEMBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP

ADRIANNA LUNA
NOVEMBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ I've been married for almost a year, and it seems as if my husband isn't putting as much effort into the relationship as he used to when we were dating. I thought getting married would bring a much deeper aspect to our relationship, but nowadays I feel I have to remind him I'm still here.

This is why romantic comedies fade to black at the end. They don't dare show you what happens next. Only dramatic and angst-fueled films start with the wedding. The problem here is that you think you and your husband share the same brain. Men see the wedding as a finish line, while women see it as the starting line. We think, *There... my ultimate commitment of love. She had the wedding she wanted, everyone saw us declare our love—now I can put my feet up.* We've been hearing you talk about your wedding plans for the past year and a half—and going along with them. Now we feel it's time to focus on our goals.

Don't worry, your situation is normal, and if I had the solution for you I'd be typing this on my yacht, as I would be the highest-grossing marriage therapist of all time. What I can suggest is, find a way to express your needs without being needy. The philosophical approach would be to do things for him that you want done for you, and see if that sparks any action on his part. That, along with a *light* conversation, should change the dynamic.

ILLUSTRATION BY TORI RICHMOND

[hottips]



■ How does a guy stay faithful when he's constantly surrounded by temptation in the form of beautiful women?

I have no idea, but I've heard that when there is real love and commitment this is really not an issue at all—ever. The fact is, many people jump into relationships way before they should, creating a circumstance wherein a pretty smile can change the playing field quickly. Temptation is actually always around for everyone, whether in a supermarket checkout line, a nightclub, or the waiting room at a doctor's office. There are no special exceptions. The rule here is to simply make sure you are with the one you want. If you are, everything else becomes a blur. Or so they say.

■ Why is it so hard for some men to break away from that "cheater" mentality?

Well, it's the same reason why some women cheat: They're either not getting something out of their current relationship or they weren't cut out to be in a monogamous relationship to begin with.

1. Not everyone is cut out for

monogamy.

2. Not everybody cheats.

In the case of Dave Navarro, see No. 1.

■ When I get attached to a man, I prefer to give him oral sex three-to-one over intercourse. Is there something wrong with that?

Hmm, that seems like less work for the guy. What's your number?

■ If your choice is either immortality or finding your soul mate, which would you choose?

Immortality for sure, because if I found a soul mate, I'd want to be dead within a week.

■ What's your take on genital piercings? Do you think they enhance or inhibit the level of arousal that you can achieve?

I have had really great sex with people with piercings and really great sex with people who don't have them. If there is no chemistry or connection, it makes for bad sex, with or without piercings. I don't care if you have an antenna hanging there that picks up Anderson Cooper, bad sex is bad sex. ☞

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

01 ADRIANNA LUNA
NOVEMBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



ADRIANNA LUNA
NOVEMBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Vital stats:
14-27-30, 5'2"
28 years old

Hometown:
Los Angeles

Favorite thing about your hometown:
My family! My entire immediate family lives within 20 minutes.

Favorite drink:
Champagne.

Favorite music to get in the mood:
I like dirty, explicit songs like "Closer," by Nine Inch Nails.

Favorite sport:
Football.

Favorite TV shows:
Modern Family, Real Housewives, Top Chef.

Favorite movies:
Pretty Woman, Love Actually, Ratatouille.

Favorite vacation spot:
Turks and Caicos. It's secluded and so beautiful.

Dream vacation spot:
Greece. I've always wanted to check out the beaches.

Favorite way to spend your spare time:
I love training at my fight gym and doing CrossFit. I can't get enough.

Who are your real-life heroes?
American soldiers at war.

You're always up for:
Sex.

You're never up for:
Getting up early.

What's the most exciting place you've made love?
In a hot-air balloon.

SEE MORE OF ADRIANNA AT PENTHOUSE.COM



SEXUAL MEDIA

By Alex Lieberman

Technological advances, smartphones, and social media have changed lives and careers forever—including purchasing pussy.

Last year, *Wired* magazine ran an article about how high-tech tools “transformed” New York City’s sex trade. While it was interesting (well, interesting to me anyway), it fell flat when it came to explaining the full impact of technology on my world of pay-for-play. It used to be that all you needed to hire a prostitute was a seedy street corner, a hard-on, and 50 bucks. The men—pimp and john—set the rules and price. We ladies were sexual equivalents of *Oliver Twist*, with our own personal Fagins to beat us when we didn’t meet our nightly quota.

But thanks to technology, the sex trade has moved from the streets to the suites. What was once a risky business made up of down-on-their-luck women has become a viable profession for soccer moms, single girls with college loans, and working women with their eyes on the latest lace-up sandals from Nicholas Kirkwood (heaven!). Bottom line, the women are in control.

The tools of my trade now include a business cellphone, my website and email address, a screening service, and online “hobby” communities



Pet of the Year
Jenna Rose



where I can advertise and compare notes with other “providers.” I can convey my services and gift preferences, confirm clients’ references, discreetly set up appointments, and provide feedback to any other providers who are looking for references as well.

All of this technology helps the guys out, too. While the screening is probably the most frightening part of the purchase for him (“What do you mean you need to call my work for verification?!”), it’s a small price to pay for the enhanced experience. I know revealing personal information is scary, but it’s a must. I guarantee I’m just as worried as you are, if not more, about discretion and privacy. You can always ask an escort to delete your

info after she has screened you, but you run the risk of not being able to use her as a provider for future trysts. Today’s clients can shop for girls like they shop for computers, comparing features (looks), specs (will she do anal?), preferences (roleplay?), prices, and availability. Guys can even use the same social sites that I do, reading reviews from other buyers on whether the pictures on my site were “accurate” and if they’d see me again. By the time the meeting comes, both parties know what to expect, and misunderstandings and surprises are kept to a minimum.

And, of course, the money is better. Technology allows today’s escorts to be independent, so they no longer have to split their revenue with a pimp, and fewer are even splitting it with an agency. But it’s not like the guys aren’t getting more bang for their buck. The higher take-home allows me to see fewer men, gives me the means to take care of my looks and my health, and makes each encounter a high-quality one, making for excellent repeat business.

Now, Olivia Twist lives in a high-rise in the city, checks her email for her regular customers and maybe one or two promising prospects, and laughs at Fagin and his band of street meat down on the waterfront, blowing sadistic longshoremen, \$25 at a time. **OLIVIA**

OVERSHARING ONLINE?



For the past four years, users of Brazilian condom brand Prudence have been able to participate in a condom-tester program. The user can “pin” where the escapade took place with the company’s geo-targeting promotion, as well as share details about their hookup on various social-networking sites. The incentive for such openness is a prize of a year’s supply of condoms.

Recently, in the U.S., Planned Parenthood of the Great Northwest began distributing 55,000 condoms with QR codes printed on their packaging to college students—scanning the code with a smartphone enables the user to anonymously post the location of their encounter on a website, which shows a map of where “other smart, sexy, and responsible people are using protection.” They can also describe the relationship of the participants (married vs. one-night stand, for instance) and rate the quality of the sex.

Younger people who are addicted to “checking in” their every move on Facebook or competing to become the “mayor” of locations, however, might want to slow their roll. Do you really want all of your online connections to see that while you are proudly sharing your safe-sex moment, your significant other is checking in across town? —Christine Colby **OLIVIA**





Kristina Rose and Snakey

It's Miller Time

Penthouse has launched the careers of a plethora of gorgeous women, but one of our most successful alums is a man who's spent his career behind the lens, capturing the images of our beautiful models.

By Jennifer Peters



Earl Miller has spent the past 40 years creating some of the most erotic and iconic images in adult photography, so it should come as no surprise that he's the most published photographer in *Penthouse* history. "It still blows my mind," Miller says. "But it's a tribute to Bob [Guccione]'s generosity of spirit. I wouldn't be celebrating my 40th anniversary if he hadn't supported my career.

"For years, I worked for an audience of one, which was Bob," Miller continues. "I created the most crazy, far-out fantasies because I knew he personally edited every photo set in the magazine, and I wanted to give him something different each time I shot. That's what really opened the door for me."

To commemorate four decades in the industry, Miller created a series of photos and videos entitled "Pictures at an Exxxhibition," inspired by the works he produced during the start of his partnership with *Penthouse*. In particular, the images

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM 'EARL MILLER'S PICTURES AT AN EXXXHIBITION' COURTESY OF EARLMILLER.COM



Andi Sue Irwin,
from the December
1996 *Penthouse*



Courtney
Taylor and
T.J. Cummings



"Realm of Senses,"
from the November
1982 *Penthouse*



Ash Hollywood
and Sienna Milano



Victoria Rae Black



"The Devil Made Me Do It," from the April 2000 *Penthouse*



Andi Sue Irwin, from the December 1996 *Penthouse*

recall Miller's fantasy photos from the eighties and nineties, but—as the photos here prove—the collection remains fresh and modern, ensuring old and new fans alike will appreciate his art.

The video component of the series, available exclusively through Miller's website, EarlMiller.com, won the 2012 Adult Video News Award for Best Web Premiere—triumphing over releases from major adult studios—while the still images helped Miller take home the award for Best Photography Website. Miller attributes his wins to not just his sense of aesthetics, but to his desire to present viewers with all manner of erotic images. "What the hell is wrong with experimenting creatively with human sexuality?" he says. "It's a powerful force. It deserves to be expressed and dealt with and explored constantly and creatively. I think pornography raises people's consciousness to the beauty and the excitement of sex. It's not just 'Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am.'"

Treating sex as art hasn't kept Miller from giving fans what they want, though. He's more than capable of depicting the "wham, bam" aspect of porn. One of his claims to fame is that he shot the first hard-core photos to run in *Penthouse*, back in the early nineties. Miller had been shooting for the magazine for nearly two decades by then, and he'd been taking photos of couples engaging in intercourse for years, though he'd never had a chance to show them to the world. Guccione, however, had seen the future, and told Miller to



Ash Hollywood, Lexi Belle, and Victoria Rae Black

One of Miller's claims to fame is that he shot the first hard-core photos to run in *Penthouse*, back in the early nineties. "We're talking about the most forward, exciting men's magazine on the planet, and being in a position to create those images was astonishing."



"Silverado,"
from the July
1997 *Penthouse*



Talon, Lily
Carter, and
Ash Hollywood



Ash Hollywood and
Sienna Milano



Lexi Belle and
Eric Swiss

hang on to the shots, in hopes that they'd run in his flagship magazine one day.


Early on, the couples photos that ran in the magazine were staged to look real, but there was no penetration. "I'd never shot an actual cock [for *Penthouse*]," Miller explains. But slowly, his work for the magazine took a turn toward the more explicit. "Even before the first official hard-core set ran, I shot an obliquely hard-core set that was titled 'Swingin' in the Grain,'" Miller says. "You couldn't quite tell if they were really doing it."

That was thrill enough for Miller, he says, creating images that had even Guccione believing the

voyeuristic fantasy he'd presented. But being able to take it one step further was a real honor for the veteran photographer. "We're talking about the most forward, exciting men's magazine on the planet, and being in a position to create those images was astonishing," he says.

Another highlight of Miller's career was being able to cast the women who appeared in these pages. "I started before porn was really an industry, and most of the girls we shot were just pretty girls who were ready to show off," he explains. "What got me interested in shooting erotic photography was that I love women. Any straight guy is going to go, 'Wow, girls!' but I think Bob and I had the same view of women, which was this reverential, romantic view. There's a magic and a mystery to women—the feminine mystique."

Miller had a knack for finding exceptionally beautiful women to photograph. He was one of the only photographers authorized to do official *Penthouse* Pet searches, and he spent years traveling the country—stopping in every "titty bar" along the way—looking for models. His greatest success, he says, was a talent search he conducted in Texas in 1985, where he discovered five future Pets.

Miller is still able to find gorgeous women to photograph. "One thing Bob told me is, 'The only thing that will distract a guy from a beautiful girl is another beautiful girl,'" Miller says. "All these awesome girls keep coming to me, and they all have something special, something different." 

in the fast lane

There's no doubt that 19-year-old natural beauty Cassie Laine is on the fast track. Since breaking into adult entertainment, the 32-23-33 L.A. woman has become a popular up-and-coming performer, and we're thrilled to have her make a pit stop in our pages.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker



"Some of my favorite things about working in the adult industry are having chemistry with a girl I'm shooting a scene with, transforming into a glamazon, good photography, and sexy art."





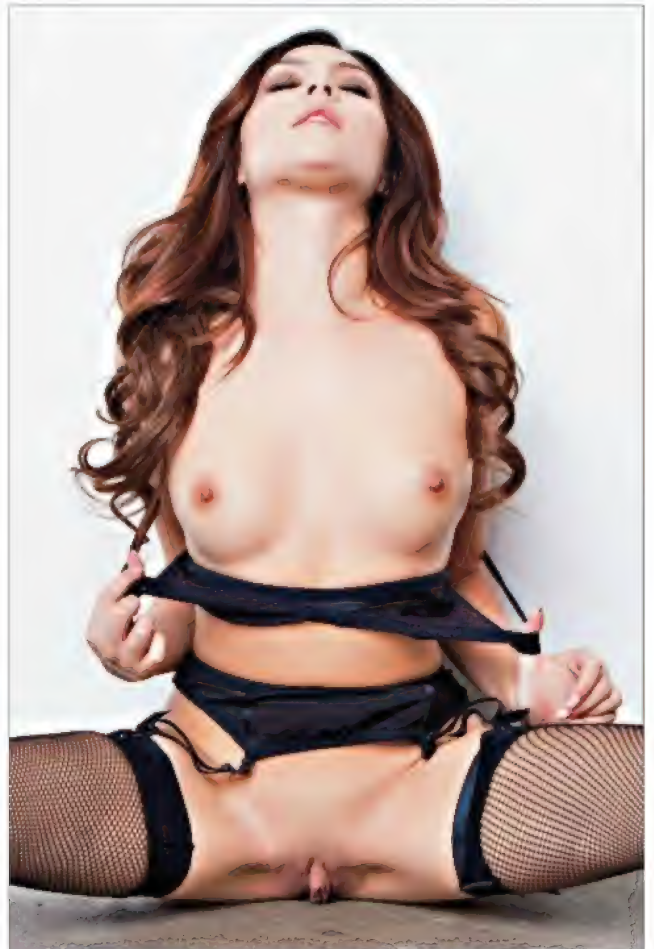


"What gets me excited? Expensive lingerie, good champagne, the tension between me and a future lover, getting spanked, scary stories, and going somewhere creepy with someone else who's into creepy stuff."





"The biggest turn-on for me is being with someone who avoids making sex too serious. It's good all on its own, and should be fun and exciting."







"I have no problem letting a man know what I want in bed. I encourage him when I like something, never fake it when I don't, and just get dominant and do some hands-on training if he needs help getting it right."

SEE MORE OF CASSIE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

Tailgating at the Cedar Inn

I stepped out of the shower onto cracked tiles with grout so dingy it was hard to tell what color it had been. Not that the bathroom was dirty, thank God. Just old, like the rest of the sixties-built motel I'd found on the little backcountry road.

I toweled my hair, then shook my head like a dog, not caring where the droplets landed. For one last night, I could be messy.

I draped the towel over the edge of the tub and sauntered naked into the small room with the double bed. The bedding looked clean, but I peeled back the quilt and tossed it on the floor anyway. Pristine white sheets beckoned.

Just as I lay back, sighing with relief, sounds from outside the room jarred me from my happy haze. Tires squealed, masculine laughter bellowed through the thin walls, and car doors slammed. I sighed and the laughter faded. Lying in the darkness, I willed my body to relax, one limb at a time. I'd driven 300 miles that day. I'd seen the crooked vacancy sign outside the Cedar Inn and made my decision, swerving into the empty gravel parking lot. Not until I'd opened the door to my tiny, musty room did I have second thoughts.

When the going gets tough, Kelsey has no recourse but to move in with family. But things start looking up when the journey hits one peak after another.

By Delilah Devlin • Illustrations by Charlene Chua

Other than the clerk at the front desk—a twentysomething redneck with puppy-dog eyes—the place was deserted. I'd shivered a little bit at the thought, but visions of the shower scene from *Psycho* hadn't put me off taking a long, lukewarm soak to wash away the road grime and sweat.

The air-conditioner purred, spilling muggy air into the room. The sheets felt clammy. Still, I grew calm as my body warmed the sheets beneath me, then a little horny when I wondered if the room had little peepholes for the clerk to watch me. He'd been cute, if a little skinny. I wouldn't mind if he watched—at least not in my fantasies. Who knew how long it would be until I felt comfortable enough, private enough, to indulge in a little one-handed play once I'd reached my destination and my grandmother slept in the room next to mine.

I slipped a hand between my thighs and lazily trailed my fingers through my cleft until my breath caught and

the heat pooled. I raised my knees and let them fall open, tilted my hips, and thrust two fingers inside my pussy. The motion soothed and excited me, allowing my mind to let go of my troubles—the firing, the breakup, the move to my grandmother's house—and focus only on the pleasure curling deep inside my core.

When the blare of a TV sounded from outside, I had third and fourth thoughts about my decision to stop here for the night. What the hell? Why had someone moved their television set outside?

I gritted my teeth, swung my legs over the side of the bed, and reached for shorts and a tee, slipping them on before I stomped to the door and flung it open.



Under the single floodlight that illuminated the parking lot, I noted the construction-company logo on the side of the pickup backed up to the door of the room beside mine. Then I eyed the two large men seated on the sides of the truck bed, their shirts gone, faded jeans stretched over thick thighs. Their attention was glued to the basketball game blaring from the small screen of the TV they had set in the bed of the truck on top of a white ice chest. They held Budweisers in their grips.

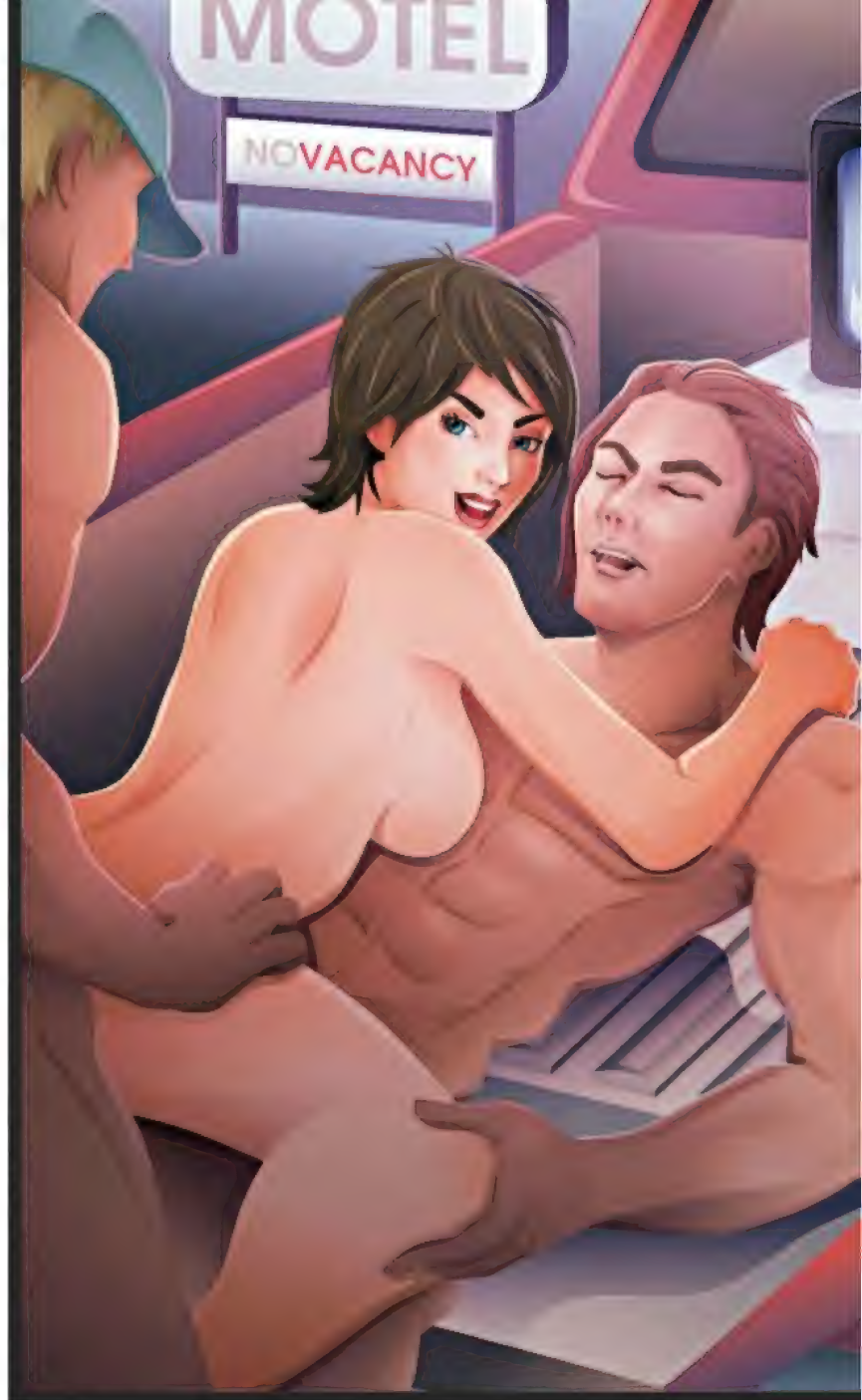
At last, one of the men's heads turned. He spotted me, then whistled at his friend. Soon both their gazes peered down.

I felt foolish standing in my bare feet with my wet hair spiked around my head. Why hadn't I simply put a pillow over my head to muffle their noise? But I was testy. I'd lost my job, had a blowup with my boyfriend over the fact that I wouldn't be splitting rent with him for a while, and then cut my nose off to spite my own face by breaking up with him. Homeless now, I had no options. Grandma's in Little Rock was my last resort.

Tonight would be my last night of freedom before I moved under her roof and abided by her rules. She'd pay the bills if I went back to school—something I resented after being on my own for a couple of years, living by my own rules.

Which might have been exactly why I remained rooted to that spot. The men seated on the truck would never meet Grandma's high standards. Sweat gleamed on their naked chests and both of them were thickly muscled and a little dirty—as though they'd come straight from work, without the benefit of a shower. The shine only served to emphasize the depth of the musculature and their starkly masculine features. Their tanned skin stretched across cheeks and jaws that were sharpened to rough edges by hard work.

Both their gazes honed on me, and while I knew the smart thing would have been to retreat to my room without another word and relock my door, I tilted my chin and thrust out my chest. "Can't you watch the game in your room?"



"We botherin' you, sweetheart?" the one closest to me said, sliding off the truck to land in front of me.

I peered a long way up into the face tilted my way. We stood close enough that I could see the bristles of his evening shadow. He wore a ball cap that shadowed his eyes, but glints of blond hair shone beneath it.

"It's late. I was trying to sleep."

"It's not that late," he drawled. "Join us for a beer?"

I glanced behind him and noted the grin on his buddy's face. He was bareheaded with shaggy brown hair and a devilish quirk to his firm lips. Their gazes took me in like I was a long, cool drink.

"Bobby, the night clerk, can vouch for us if you're wonderin' whether we're safe," the one beside me said, amusement lingering in his husky voice.

I shouldn't have been tempted. However, my body still hummed pleasurably from the heat I'd drawn with my own lazy fingers. Even sweaty, the two men were tempting. Both young and interested, if their sharpening gazes were any indication.

Owen's thumbs tucked into my pussy, stretching upward to make a space. Then he was pushing his dick inside me, forcing his way atop Chris's thick cock.

And what the hell? It wasn't as if I had anyone to answer to. Not at this moment.

I swallowed. "Is the beer cold?"

His friend picked up the TV, setting it to the side to open the top of the cooler. The can of beer he drew out was wet with nuggets of ice sliding off the sides. He flicked open the top and handed it to me. "Like basketball?"

"Not particularly."

His head canted. "Not from around here, are you?"

"I'm from Iowa."

"A corn-fed girl," he murmured, his gaze dropping to my chest.

"Not a cow or a pig," I ground out.

"Don't put words in my mouth."

His lips twitched, then stretched into a lazy grin. "Name's Owen. My buddy here's Chris."

I gave them both a narrow-eyed look, then turned and hopped up to sit on the open tailgate. "I'm Kelsey," I said, pretending to be more confident than I really was.

The TV fell silent. The man in the truck bed eased down beside me. The other one stood in front of me, feet braced apart as he took another draw on his beer. "Where ya headed?" he asked, after crushing the can in his hand and tossing it behind me to land with a thud on the truck bed.

"Little Rock."

Chris grunted. Beside me, Owen chuckled. "Small world."

"I take it that's where you're from?"

"Yep. Visitin' family?"

"My grandmother. I'm moving there to help out." My expression must have fallen because Chris stepped closer and tucked a finger under my chin to raise my face. I don't know what he saw, but his lips relaxed into a semblance of a smile. The slight motion drew my attention, and I realized for the first time just how attractive that mouth was. His lips were full, and when they stretched, white teeth flashed.

I stared a moment too long. Heat crept slowly down my neck and across my chest. My nipples tightened, poking at the thin tee stretched

across my breasts. He didn't miss the surge of arousal because his feet shuffled closer.

I swept my upper lip with my tongue, opening my mouth to say something, but he bent toward me. Slowly. His narrowed eyes daring me to draw away.

I didn't. The beer was plucked from my lifeless fingers and I gripped the edge of the tailgate, wrapping them around it to brace myself for a kiss.

His mouth was tentative, teasing, sliding over mine and rubbing in a circular movement that pulled me with it, until I was moving with him, following to make sure I didn't lose the seductive heat.

When he drew back, he smiled.

"You know, sweetheart, you don't have to be alone tonight."

I blinked and glanced over at Owen. "Package deal," Chris said, drawing my attention back.

Package deal. Two packages. Mine to enjoy.

I opened my mouth and drew a quick breath, suddenly nervous.

"I don't ..." I cleared my throat. "I've never ..."

"We have," he said quickly, cupping my chin and sliding a thumb over my still-moist lower lip. "Nothin' to be worried about. Cedar Inn's quiet. Clean. You've got the single room, right? Come to ours, and we'll shove the mattresses together. There's plenty of room."

Moisture seeped to soak the crotch of my panties. My clit throbbed and hardened. I could go back to my bed, slide my fingers over the knot, and come in an instant, but their scent and heat surrounded me. I imagined being sandwiched between them—slick, hot skin sliding against mine, front and back. Suddenly, I had options. One safe. One not so much—but wickedly enticing.

"No pressure," Owen said, dropping a slow kiss on the corner of my shoulder. "You call the shots. Whatever you want."

What I wanted was for them to make a move. Make up my mind for me, because I didn't think I was capable of speaking.

Chris laid his palms on the tops of my bare thighs and slid his thumbs between them, then slowly opened me, stepping closer, forcing me wider again until his crotch was flush with mine. His erection was impossible to ignore. A thick, insistent bulge.

"Maybe you don't want a bed?" he murmured. "Maybe you want it here?"

His crudeness excited me—challenged me in a way I'd never have accepted in my former life.

"But someone will see."

"Might only be Bobby, but he won't mind. Will you?"

Owen slipped a hand behind me and rucked up my shirt until the fabric bunched under my arms. My belly bare, the warm night air blew across my skin, feeling like a caress.

I glanced between them, noted the tension riding both their jaws. They wouldn't make a move without my consent, but they'd pounce the second I did. I leaned forward and raised my arms, keeping my gaze locked with Chris's as Owen pulled the garment all the way off.

Both men breathed deeply as they stared at my breasts. Chris cupped one, hefted it in his palm, then squeezed. Owen wet a finger and circled the other nipple, pausing to scratch a nail across the tip.

"You're pretty," Chris muttered.

"Doesn't sound like you're happy about that."

"Don't pay any mind to what he says," Owen said. "He's hard. He doesn't think straight when he gets that way. Take it as a compliment."

Chris plucked my nipple and released it, watching it bounce back. His gaze darted to mine again, then he slipped his fingers inside the waist of my shorts and rubbed the top of my mound. "Can I take these off, too?"

I felt like one of those blow-up dolls, not expected to do anything but provide a convenient hole or two for the two men to use—not that I really minded.

I didn't mind his blunt tone this time. The air between us felt charged with a current that pricked my nipples and caused my pussy to contract. *In for a penny...* I was already committed. So hot I was panting, I nodded, then gasped when Owen eased me back and Chris went to work unsnapping my shorts and dragging them off.

Then Owen pushed me forward and slid behind me, urging me to rest against his naked chest. Chris opened his jeans and pushed them off his hips, freeing his cock. He leaned over me, pressing me harder against Owen, who chuckled as Chris hooked his elbows beneath my thighs and lifted my bottom.

"A condom?" I gasped, one last shred of sanity remaining before my mind completely filled with the sight of him. He was thick—twice the girth of the last man I'd had.

"Pocket," he ground out.

I reached for the scrunched-up top of his jeans and pulled out his wallet. My hands shook, but I found the trifold of foil packets and tore one off. He watched as I clumsily cloaked him in the latex sheath. Then he was there, pushing inside me.

The moment he entered me, my mind clicked. *Fuck, I was really doing this.* I was really taking on a stranger while his friend held me, his hands cupping my breasts and his cock grinding against my backside through his jeans.

And I wanted him nude as well. Wanted them both rutting, both sinking deep.

I wriggled inside Owen's embrace.

Chris shook his head, his nostrils flared. "Want me to stop?" he bit out.

"Fuck, no."

Chris urged my legs around his back and stood, lifting me from the truck bed. Behind me, I heard the rustle of clothing, the snap of latex.

I didn't look back and instead nuzzled into Chris's shoulder to hide my face. I should be ashamed. But instead, I was grinning, and then nipping his skin, causing him to groan and thrust.

I didn't know how they would manage it, but trusted that they knew a way.

"Ready."

Chris nodded, then turned and sat on the tailgate, leaning back and bringing me with him. Behind me, hands cupped my ass, pulled my cheeks apart. I moaned in protest, and Owen's thumbs slipped farther down, tucking into my pussy, sliding along Chris's dick, then stretching upward to make a space.

"No way," I muttered.

"There's room. I promise," Owen said, a trace of humor in his strained voice. Then he was pushing his dick inside me, forcing his way atop Chris's thick cock.

"Fuck, it's tight," Chris said, gasping.

"I'll move for us both," Owen whispered, and gave a short tentative stroke, then another, gradually deepening his thrusts as he squeezed his way inside me.

Chris leaned back a little farther on the truck, then placed my knees on either side of his hips. I bent over him, scooping at his mouth while Owen pleased us both with his short, sharp strokes.

I'd never been so full or stretched. Friction built. I'd be sore in the morning, but I didn't care, gritting my teeth to hold out for just a few seconds more. My channel flooded with moisture, oozing around the two cocks. They both moved inside me, one pushing, one pulling. A finger breached my ass, plunging deep.

I howled, bucking atop Chris, wriggling my ass to encourage Owen to power harder. Sweat slicked my belly and my back and rolled off my chin. Chris cupped my breast, twisted my nipple, released it, then finally pinched it hard.

I came with a yelp, grinding down on his cock as he rolled his belly

to force his cock deeper, and held still while Owen jerked hard inside me. Then I moaned, long and loud, collapsing against Chris's chest until Owen jerked again and then settled against me, his hot breath gusting in my ear.

"Think we might make it to that bed now?" Owen gasped.

I laughed. "Still got legs? I don't."

The three of us chuckled. Hands smoothed over my back and ass, my belly. Owen pulled away. Chris came up on his arms and slid to the edge of the tailgate. "Hold on." He walked with me wrapped around him to my door.

"Key," I muttered. "Pocket."

"Got it," Owen said. He fumbled with the lock and pushed inside. The bed, with its covers turned down, beckoned. Chris knelt on the edge, then came down on top of me. This was when I realized he was still hard as a post inside me.

"I gotta move," he growled.

I grinned. "Bet you do."

His grunt was all male. "You're a sassy thing."

"Who says that?"

"You're not in Iowa anymore."

"All you Arkansas boys this horny?"

His grin was a tight flash. He pushed my legs off his waist and shoved my thighs toward my chest. One large hand cupped my ass, cradling me, while he braced his weight on the other arm and began to thrust. Hard. His eyes narrowed, his chest expanded with the effort, his muscles rippling as he plowed into me.

I didn't mind, even scrunched so tight I could barely breathe. Watching his face tighten, his lips draw away from his teeth as he drew near, I wondered how I'd ever been satisfied before with a man who didn't like sweat or effort and whose lazy lovemaking had only managed to



warm me. Sure, Derek had gotten me off, eventually, but he hadn't been this powerful, this physical.

Chris thrust hard and held. His head thrust back and he groaned. I felt him tremble inside me, felt the gush through the latex. He lowered my butt, and I stretched out my legs on either side of him while he slowly rocked against me, both of us savoring the sensation of him moving in my liquid heat.

We rested like that, me still pinned to the bed with Owen lying on his side beside us, a wide grin splitting his mouth.

When Chris stirred, he gave a deep, rumbling groan. "Still need to sleep?"

"What about your game?"

"I've got a game," Owen said, his tone sly.

Chris and I both turned to stare at Owen, who gave a casual shrug—completely at odds with the tension causing his cock to stiffen against his belly. "Depends on how flexible you are, Kelsey. And whether you're any good at ... multitasking."

I don't know what made me laugh so hard—the fact he'd actually used

the word "multitasking" with his thick Southern drawl or the shot of adrenaline that spiked my blood. However, when I quieted, I let him drape me sideways on the bed, my head hanging over the edge for Chris to take my mouth, while Owen knelt, my thighs draped over his shoulders, for him to prove to me just how diligent a country boy could be.

I drifted in a happy, sensual haze. This was so much better than the lazy orgasm I'd been willing to settle for. A brilliant send-off to the next chapter of my life. Rather than entering it with my shoulders drooping with disappointment, I felt sure the rosy blush of excitement would linger for a long time—a secret I'd keep to myself and savor for its delicious naughtiness.

Owen slid a tongue between my folds and lapped like a dog from just beneath my pussy to my clit. My heels dug into his back.


Chris leaned over me, his dick down my throat, his body braced on his arms as he moved in smooth, shallow motions across my tongue to the back of my throat.

I felt like one of those blow-up dolls, not expected to do anything but provide a convenient hole or two for the two men to use. Not that I really minded—lying helpless, feeling overwhelmed by all the testosterone and male musk stinking up the room, I was really quite content.

I knew with surety that we'd be fucking until dawn. When I rolled out of the parking lot, I'd ache from head to toe and would have some bruises in intimate places. I also knew that even though I'd give them a casual good-bye, I'd find a way to slip my cellphone number into one of their pockets. Not that I expected this to develop into something more than what it really was.

I might have begun this trip thinking the life I was entering was a last resort, but I had options—two of them at the moment. I reached around Chris's buttocks and slid a finger between his cheeks.

"Goddamn," he whispered.

My mouth stretched as I smiled around his cock. Yeah, I wasn't in Iowa anymore. 

"Tailgating at the Cedar Inn," by Delilah Devlin, from *Suite Encounters: Hotel Sex Stories*, edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel. Published by Cleis Press, 2012.

CH+ [scarlett & brooklyn]

chest friends

When Scarlett finally lures Brooklyn to her luxurious, curtained-off tub and makes her move, best friends become so much more in just minutes.

Photographs by John Taylor

















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Slap Happy

Behind closed doors, a pro sub satisfies her own fantasies.

By Reverend Jen

For months, I looked for work, handing out “doctored” résumés and scanning the newspaper, but the *Times* was full of job listings for *people with skills*. And I was a writer *with no skills*.

I felt cast out of this world. The only industry that accepted me was the sex industry, and even then, only the very fringes of the sex industry. So, when I finally ran out of money, I traipsed into yet another seedy Midtown dungeon. Given that I had experience as a “professional submissive” and girl-next-door looks, I knew they would hire me right away.

The proprietor, a hard-looking, red-lipped, shriveled woman with a bob hairdo, looked me over and said, “You make me feel like a pervert, and that’s gonna make you a lot of money.” As expected, I got the job.

She was proud of her place, even though it was a dump. There were only two small rooms, both of which were scantily equipped and not half as fancy as “the Inferno,” the elegant dungeon where I’d once worked. There were no gilded rococo mirrors, fluffy powder-blue carpets, or wacky penis-shaped door handles; just the familiar smells of Lysol and come. But

at no less than 85 bucks an hour, and less than zero bucks in my bank account, I wasn’t about to bitch about the crummy decor.

The proprietor asked me if I could start that night, and went over the rules of her space. “There’s no sex, you know,” she said. “But if somebody offers you enough for a blowjob or something, it’s up to you.”

I was shocked. At fancier places everyone sucked cock and fucked, but no one ever admitted it publicly. No one ever suggested there was any leniency regarding the rules whatsoever. It was refreshing to be in such a candid environment. I always despised the euphemisms that were so rampant at the Inferno, like the term “hand release,” when what they really meant was “handjob.” This place was low-rent, but at least it was honest.

I went home, napped, and came back, carrying a bag of lingerie and a schoolgirl uniform. The waiting room was tiny, and packed with four girls who hated me on sight. As long as I could get the receptionist to like me—that was the important part. If the receptionist hated you, you could forget about ever making a dime. She would with-

hold your description from any prospective clients, thus causing you to go bankrupt in your sadomasochistic endeavor.

I put my bag in the waiting room and popped open a book. I then tried to make conversation with my new coworkers, but found it difficult. Two of them were pretty out of it, half-asleep in a way that suggested both were overly fond of riding the white horse. Another had gone the opposite route. She was rapidly making beaded bracelets in a way that suggested she was overly caffeinated, or overly fond of the devil’s dandruff. The last girl was a fat brunette Mistress who made Chesty Morgan look like an A-cup. A bad TV miniseries about a serial killer was on, but nobody watched it. Eventually, the bracelet weaver warmed up to me and asked if I wanted to make a bracelet. I felt like the new kid who had just been befriended by the biggest outcast in the school. She told me that she was a Domme, as was the well-endowed brunette. The others, she told me, were “switchables.”

The receptionist knocked. A client had arrived. He was a regular, interested in seeing “the new girl.”

“Do you want to talk to him?” the receptionist asked me.

“Sure,” I said, throwing on my heels and following her to one of the two small rooms.

Perhaps it was the fact that I’d just been watching a miniseries about a serial killer, but when I walked in the room, that’s the vibe I got. He had already removed his clothes, and was sitting there in ripped, dirty tighty-whities. He had a long white beard,

He moved closer and grabbed both of my ass cheeks like he owned them, which, for all intents and purposes, he did for that hour.



like a maniacal hillbilly, and a Manson-esque quality to his stare.

I introduced myself and asked, "What are you into?"

"Have you ever been beaten?" he answered.

I left the room. Desperate as I was, the sound of his voice made my arm hairs stand on end. I went back to the waiting room and sat down.

"He's all yours," the receptionist said to one of the switchables, a tall redhead. She moped out of the room.

The speed freak whispered in my ear, "That was a smart decision. She won't sit for a week."

Eventually, the buzzer rang. A new guy, into light "sensual" domination, had arrived. The receptionist wanted to know if I would be interested.

I walked into the room. He was in his mid-twenties and very attractive, but not the sort of person I would date. He looked like a Marine, with a crew cut and muscular arms. From his twang, I guessed he was Southern. Just possibly, the universe had smiled upon my weary soul.

I asked him what he was into.

"Blindfolds, spanking, face-slapping, and lingerie," he said.

He didn't sound too confident, and I got the feeling he'd never done this before. I went outside and told the receptionist I'd take it. I then went into the waiting room and changed into my black slip, thigh-highs, and patent-leather pumps. The hyperactive girl had now almost completed what appeared to be an incredibly intricate bracelet.

I knocked lightly on the door. When my new client answered, his eyes lit up. I stood motionless in front of him.

"You look beautiful," he said.

He moved closer, reached his hands around, and grabbed both of my ass cheeks like he owned them, which, for all intents and purposes, he did for that hour. He leaned in and kissed me on the lips, which normally I found repulsive when dealing with clients. But with the Marine I became quickly aroused. He thrust his tongue inside my mouth and I opened it wider. He let go of my ass and lightly slapped my face. He did it a second time.

"You can do it harder," I said.

He looked both surprised and pleased, and responded by slapping me harder. It stung, but I was growing wetter, imagining he was doing things to me he'd only dreamed of doing with girlfriends.

"Bend over the couch," he said.

I bent over the couch, a black number that could've used some new upholstery, and thrust my ass in the air. He began to spank me, but soon stopped in order to caress my ass. His fingers eventually made their way up my slip and inside my G-string, where he discovered that I was absolutely soaking wet. He rubbed my clit and I moaned, sticking my ass out further. He got the idea and slowly thrust his fingers in and out of me with one hand. With the other, he fondled my breasts. This went on until I was on the

His hard-on pressed against my hands as I ran them along the surface of his jeans. Finally, he undid his belt and yanked down his pants, followed by his briefs, whereupon a gorgeous erection greeted me. He stroked himself, and I was so aroused that I plunged my right hand inside my G-string and stroked myself. With my left hand, I began massaging his cock. I couldn't believe it! I'd only been at the new place for a few hours and already I'd ignored all of the rules.

Eventually, I dropped to my knees

He responded by slapping me harder. It stung, but I was growing wetter, imagining he was doing things to me he'd only dreamed of doing with girlfriends.



brink of orgasm, but he forestalled it by telling me to turn around and take off my slip.

I pulled the slip over my head and stood facing him in my thigh-highs, G-string, and pumps. He took his shirt off, revealing a well-sculpted chest. Without any prompting, I kissed it, running my tongue across his skin and licking up beads of perspiration that had formed in the hot little room. He pushed my head toward his crotch and I ran my tongue along the trail of hair leading toward his belt buckle.

and his cock made its way into my mouth. As I sucked him off, I stroked my unbelievably swollen clit until I came. Then he pulled his cock out of my mouth and beat off between my tits until he came all over them.

We'd barely spoken, and even after we were both sweaty and satisfied there wasn't much to say, except, "Baby wipes?" After we'd cleaned ourselves off and collected ourselves, he said, "That was amazing. Are you here all the time?"

"Now I am," I said with a smile.

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CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.



XXX HEADACHE

When I watch porn videos on the internet, I start to get a bad headache after a few minutes. I don't have this problem when I watch other kinds of videos. I also don't get the headaches when I have sex. Why does this happen? Do you think it could be caused by subconscious guilt about watching porn?

Headaches brought on by sexual activity are uncommon, but not unheard of. There are two types. The type most often seen is a sudden, intense headache that strikes at the same time as orgasm. The other, rarer, type of sex headache starts as a dull pain and steadily gets worse as sexual excitement increases.

Guilt could have something to do with it, but maybe not in the way you suggest. I don't think your subconscious mind is giving you headaches as a form of protest or punishment. But I would point out that guilty pleasures are often the most exciting.

You don't say what sort of porn videos you like to watch. If I could, I'd ask you to be more specific. Since the variety of online porn is almost limitless, it's easy to find whatever it is that really cranks your motor. And if that happens to be something you consider taboo, you might feel the thrill of being bad along with sexual arousal.

Your physical response to this kind of excitement may be different from that of a real-life sexual encounter, which could explain why only porn triggers your headaches. For example, the muscles of your head and neck might tense up more, or your nervous system might react in a way that makes you more sensitive to pain.

I'm sure you're not eager to tell a doctor about your porn-viewing habits, but if you could pluck up the courage, you ought to—just to make sure something else isn't going on. Most of the time, however, a sex headache is not a symptom of a more serious problem.

Taking an anti-inflammatory pain reliever, when not in contradiction with your current medical situation, 30 minutes to an hour before you start watching, may prevent your headaches. There's a prescription pain reliever that's recommended for sex headaches, but you'd have to go to a doctor for that. Otherwise, over-the-counter ibuprofen might be worth a try.



HOT TIMES IN ICELAND

Everyone says that Icelandic women are easy. Is it true?

Lots of guys have come back from a trip to Iceland telling tales of how Icelandic babes are eager to hop into bed with foreigners. If they have that impression, it's because their encounters with Icelanders have been limited to nightclubs in the capital city, Reykjavik.

Reykjavik has a reputation as a party city, and many tourists go for that express purpose. Locals also partake in Reykjavik's nightlife, so foreigners are likely to meet plenty of Icelandic women who are likewise out for a good time. If all you

knew of American women came from a few nights of clubbing in New York City, you might conclude that American women are easy, too.

The myth of the blonde Scandinavian bimbo has been with us for a long time. In recent years, Icelandic women have taken the place in our imagination that Swedish women used to occupy. Remember those "Swedish Bikini Team" beer ads?

Advertising may have played a big role in sexing up Icelandic women. Some cultural critics say that in the 2000s, Icelandair deliberately promoted Iceland as a sexual playground for male tourists. One ad, featuring blondes in bikinis,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) TODD WRIGHT/GETTY IMAGES; (ABOVE) CHEV WILKINSON/GETTY IMAGES



invited visitors to spend a "dirty weekend in Reykjavik." Suggestive ads aside, it certainly took a lot of marketing to turn Reykjavik—a rather drab fishing town near the Arctic Circle—into a global party destination to rival the likes of Rio de Janeiro or Bangkok.

Stereotypes often have a grain of truth in them, however. As gross as some generalizations about Icelandic women are, research shows that, on the whole, they are not prudes. An average Icelandic woman aged 26 to 30 has had eight sex partners in her lifetime. It's hard to make a direct comparison with U.S. statistics, but for an American woman in her twenties, it's more like

three. Forty percent of Icelandic women in that age range have had sex with ten or more people. Only about 20 percent of American women that age have had more than six partners.

This suggests that Icelandic women may be more open to casual sex than American women are. I still think that it's no easier to get laid in Reykjavik than in New York or Los Angeles. I also wouldn't be surprised if half the guys who think they've slept with Icelandic women actually hooked up with tourists from some other part of Europe. How many Americans do you suppose can discern an Icelandic accent from a Danish one?



■ PAIN IN THE ASS

I'm a 35-year-old woman. Sometimes I get a really painful cramp in my anus after I have an orgasm. It lasts for a few minutes and then goes away. This doesn't happen all the time, but often enough to be annoying. And in case you're wondering, it's not from having anal sex. Is there anything I can do about it?

My sources suggest a fairly straightforward answer. You probably have a condition called proctalgia fugax. It literally means "pain in the ass." Proctalgia is Greek for "anal pain," and fugax means "fleeting" in Latin. Proctalgia fugax is a spasm, like a charley horse, in the pelvic muscle that controls your rectum and anus. If you don't like Greek and Latin, you could call it an "anal charley horse."

Many different medical problems can cause anal pain, but what you describe has all the hallmarks of proctalgia fugax: It's a sharp, stabbing pain that lasts anywhere from a few seconds to several minutes (check); it can act up during or after sex (check); and women are more likely to get it than men (check).

You haven't given me any hints about your personality, but it might be worth noting that some research shows that proctalgia-fugax sufferers tend to be perfectionists and anxious types. In other words, they tend to be a bit "anal."


You wanted to know

what to do about it, so let's get to that.

Doctors have tried all kinds of treatments, with mixed success. They've advised simple exercises, like squatting down and spreading your ass cheeks apart to force out gas. They've also tried numerous drugs, Botox injections, and even surgery to remove part of the anus.

An extensive review of all these treatments concluded that for most proctalgia-fugax sufferers, the best therapy is "reassurance" and "warm baths." Many people just need to be reassured that there's nothing seriously wrong with them, and a warm bath can relax the pelvic muscle that's acting up. (Some doctors in Spain recommend Valium along with the warm baths and reassurance. That sounds to me like a winning combo, though I hasten to add, I'm not a doctor, and you should contact your own physician before starting any treatment.)

If it continues to be a problem, medicated ointments for treating muscle spasms can be applied to the rim of the anus or just inside the anal sphincter. If that doesn't work, some sufferers get relief by taking clonidine, a drug that's commonly prescribed for high blood pressure or menstrual cramps.

Invasive treatments like surgery are seldom necessary, I'm happy to say. Hopefully that's reassuring to you. Now go enjoy your bath. 

PRISON PLEASURES

A hot tale from the upcoming Letters to Penthouse XXXXIV, published by Grand Central Publishing.

I thought I was going to lose my mind. I'd just been talking to my girlfriend—I was allowed one phone call a week—and she'd told me that she had found someone else. She'd explained that waiting for me to get out of prison was just too much for her, and she wanted to break up.

I went back to my cell—it was an open-cell floor—and thought about how Aretha and I used to fuck. Aretha was short and black, with a huge, firm ass that any man would love to stick his jimmy into. I'm about six feet, brown, with shoulder-length dreadlocks. As I sat on my bunk the guard shift changed. The evening shift was over and the graveyard shift was coming on.

I felt pretty shitty over losing my girlfriend of five years, and I suddenly felt the urge to fuck somebody. The officer now coming onto my floor was a hot little blonde-haired babe with what looked to be a great set of tits. She couldn't have been more than five foot one. She walked past my cell as she started on her initial rounds, and I saw that she was beautiful. She seemed very friendly; she was smiling as she walked past my cell. I casually turned sideways, hoping she would notice my hard-on, but if she did she gave no sign.

I knew I had to do something to get her attention. I didn't know what would happen, but I figured the worst they could do was take me to the hole. I waited until about 3:30 in the morning, when the blonde made her rounds again, and everyone was sleeping except me. As she passed my cell, my jimmy was peeking out of the hole of my boxers, and it was rock-hard.

I had a towel over my head so she would think I was sleeping, but by peeking out I could see her expression. As she approached my cell she looked in, opened her mouth in a gasp, and then laughed. Then she tapped on the bars. I pretended to wake up. All she did was point at my thing with her stick, which made it even harder. I rubbed it for a second, then put it back in my boxers, and she walked away.

I waited till she got back to her post, and then I slipped out of my cell and made my way over to where she was stationed. I had come this far; I couldn't turn back now. As I approached her post, I told her, "Officer, I can't sleep."

She tried to look tough, the way they all do. "What do you want me to do about it?" she demanded.

It was now or never. "Well, I could think of a few things," I said. "I mean, everybody is asleep, so we could ..."

She just looked at me. She could have radioed for backup and they would have beat me up and put me in the hole right then and there. But instead she just sat there.

"Can I use your bathroom?" I asked her, even though the prisoners' bathroom was right next to hers and wide-open. When she said yes, I knew I had it made.

Inside the bathroom, I stood there with the light off for about five minutes. Finally, she tapped lightly on the door and asked if I was all right. "Come inside, officer," I said.

She came in, and I was standing there stroking my cock. She looked very nervous, but she didn't move. I grabbed her hand gently and put it on my rod. She wrapped her fingers around it and said, "I could lose my job." I shushed her by kissing her wildly on the mouth.

She kissed me back, and I was surprised by her passion. When we broke the kiss, she said, "Hurry up, before someone comes!"


I couldn't believe my good luck. I dropped my sweatpants and shorts down around my ankles and helped her with her belt. As her pants fell down I told her to lean over the sink, which she did. For a minute I just stood there looking at her sweet, firm ass as it stuck out toward me.

Getting behind her, I immediately sank my stick right down to the hilt. She moaned. I started to work back and forth, moving harder with each thrust. She was moaning, "Faster, come on, faster!" I started to pound her, her ass smacking against my thighs. It had been so long since I'd fucked that I knew it wouldn't last long. I stuck my hands under her shirt and felt those beautiful tits as I banged her. She reached under with one hand and put it over mine. I thrust harder now, tweaking her nipples. She turned her head back and kissed me.

She moaned out that she wanted us to come together, and that was all I could handle. I blew my load right up inside her, and she came, too.

I wanted to stay there and hold her tits, but she broke away from me. She took a wad of tissue and wiped the come that was dripping down her leg, then straightened her uniform and pulled all her gear back on. I pulled my sweats back up, and she kissed me and told me to go to bed. I asked her when she would be working this floor again, and she told me, "I'll wake you up when I do!"

Then, with a quick squeeze of my cock, she went back to her post. I went back to my cell, thinking that prison wasn't so bad after all. —Name and address withheld

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black police uniform cap and a black bra, is sitting on a black metal chair. She is looking down and to the side. A man, shirtless and wearing black pants, is standing behind her, with his hands on her thighs. The background is a wooden wall. The floor is a reddish-brown color.

**Getting behind her, I sank
my stick right down to the hilt.
She moaned. I started to
work back and forth, moving
harder with each thrust.**

model behavior

Leslie Fontaine works in public relations for a real estate company, but we think the DD-cup 31-year-old from Seattle makes much better use of her 37-25-36 curves posing for *Penthouse*.

Photographs by Christopher Love





"I was a gymnast for ten years. Now I love lifting weights in the gym, and I'm a runner. I run five miles a day, six days a week."







"It's simple, and I love it no matter how many times it happens: sex on the beach! It's still my favorite fantasy, even though I've lived it out a few times."



"I stayed in a hotel once that had this fancy chair. It was the perfect sex apparatus. That chair got used and abused while we were there."







"What really gets me excited is a guy who just got done doing something physical, coming in to get cleaned up. That's the time for a shower for two."

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■ SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

Last Saturday evening, I stopped by my girlfriend's place to hang out, expecting a quiet night and a good round of sex before she went out of town. Armed with a cold six-pack, I knocked on the front door. Seeing Jill's car out front, I waited a minute, knocked again, and let myself in. I could hear the shower running in the bathroom at the end of the hallway, so I cracked a beer, put the rest in the refrigerator, and turned on a skin flick on an adult channel.

A few minutes later, the bathroom door opened. I heard Jill walk into the room and stop behind me. I pointed to the TV screen, where a woman had some guy's stiff dick in her mouth, and said, "Guess what we're going to be doing later, babe."

The voice that answered was not Jill's. It said, "Well, we'll just have to see about that, won't we?" I jumped up and turned around to see Jill's roommate, Corinne, standing there, fresh from the shower in a short, silky robe. I must have looked shocked, because she laughed. I started to tell her I'd thought she was Jill, that

I'd seen Jill's car in the driveway, but Corinne just waved me off. She said she was supposed to call to let me know that Jill had to leave early. "She was going to call you, but her cellphone was dead. She'll be back Tuesday night."

"I'm sorry about that remark I made," I said.

"Don't worry about it," she said, cutting me off as she shook out her long, damp hair and pulled together the front of her robe. "I know I could have called you when she left, but then you wouldn't have turned up here tonight, would you?"

"No, I guess I wouldn't have," I admitted, as she chugged down my beer and tossed the empty into the recycling.

"Okay, then," she said with a grin.

My girlfriend's roommate opened her robe to reveal two large melons with beautiful suck-worthy nipples.

"So if you want me doing that to you tonight, you should get me another beer."

I stared at her, looked at the TV, where the guy had the woman bent over a sofa, then back to Corinne with raised eyebrows. She flashed me a wide grin and said, "What? Not interested?"

I couldn't help but chuckle as I went to the refrigerator and grabbed two cold ones. If I'd had any clue that this might happen, I would have splurged and bought the good stuff for a change. I handed her a beer.

"Are you really in the buff under that robe?" I asked, still not believing this was happening. She put down her beer, took two steps back, and opened her robe to reveal two large melons with beautiful suck-worthy nipples.

"Why don't we go sit on the couch and watch the rest of the movie?" she said as she retied the robe.

"Oh, absolutely," I agreed. I grabbed two more beers and almost ran back to the couch. Two new couples, who were merely eating dinner, had replaced the earlier stars of the video. Not wanting to waste any time, I removed my shoes, socks, and shirt before sitting down beside Corinne.

"I don't want you to feel out of place without your clothes on," I said, as I leaned over to kiss her neck and shoulder. I heard her breath quicken, so I advanced to her ear and cheek while I let a shaky set of fingers find the tie of the robe and pull it free as our lips connected. I spent the next 30 minutes kissing and caressing her all over, and brought her to two squealing orgasms with my mouth. I almost came once myself.

"I am ready to explode, girl. You've made me so hard," I told her, as she pushed me down and straddled me.

"Well then, let me finish this round for you with my lips and tongue," she said. Corinne slid down, grabbed my stiff shaft with both hands, and shoved as much of it as she could into her hot mouth, sending waves of pleasure through my entire body. Not a minute later, she was licking the juices running from the tip down my shaft as I lay there and caught my breath.

That was the first of several intense rounds that night, and there was one more the next morning. We made the decision before I departed that this one night should remain nothing more than a great memory between us. —T.D., Oregon

■ THREE'S COMPANY

As I walked in the door my phone rang. It was Karen, an old girlfriend from high school. She said she and a friend were going to Florida and needed a place to stay for the night before driving the rest of the way. When I told her that would be fine, she said to expect her by early evening.

I had no idea who was with her, but I knew Karen well enough. She's still a wild girl. I figured there was a good chance the two of us would end up in bed together.

Karen and her friend Melanie arrived around 7:30 that night, and when I opened the door to let them in, Karen jumped into my arms and gave me a big hug. I almost fell over when I saw Melanie. She was beautiful, with dark shoulder-length hair, a golden tan, and the sexiest legs and ass I have ever seen. They could both tell I thought she was stunning.

We all sat down and began talking. After a while, Karen brought up the first time we had sex together. As turned on as I was by the thought of fucking Karen again, I couldn't keep my eyes off her friend. I noticed



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Melanie staring at me when I was in the kitchen getting us some beer and chips. When I returned, I sat between them to get a little closer to Melanie.

Later, I went to the kitchen to get another beer and could hear them laughing. When I came back into the room, Karen was kissing Melanie and had her hand up Melanie's skirt. I almost lost it, and my cock swelled to attention. Then Melanie looked up and told me to sit next to her.

Melanie and Karen stood up in front of me, took off their clothes, and told me to pull out my cock for them. As I slid my shorts down, Melanie came over and kneeled in front of me. She slowly began to deep-throat me. I was so surprised by all this, I almost came right away. Karen sat next to me, spread her legs, and played with her pussy so I could watch. I couldn't take it anymore, and exploded all over Melanie's beautiful big tits.

Before I could recover, Melanie grabbed my cock and led me into my room, with Karen close behind. The two girls lay down on my bed and began to explore each other's body. I sat on the edge of the bed and waited to join them. It wasn't long before I was hard again, of course, and I put on a condom. Melanie looked at me and said it was her turn. She pushed me down on my back, then slowly lowered herself onto my rock-hard cock. She was dripping wet, so my cock slid in easily.

While Melanie was fucking me, Karen came over and sat on my face. I probed her hot pussy with my tongue and finger, until her orgasm exploded on my tongue. Melanie was still riding my shaft, and her hard, tanned body was covered in sweat. I could feel her pussy tighten as she arched her back and had the most intense orgasm I've ever seen a girl have.

After Melanie crawled off, they looked at me and realized I still hadn't come again. They lay side by side on my bed, kissing and feeling each other up while I took turns fucking them. As I got ready to come, they pulled me up to them, and I exploded all over their sweaty bodies. Then I collapsed on the two of them, exhausted.

We ended up fucking one another all night long. Then the three of us took a shower as the sun was coming up. We went back to bed and didn't get up until the next night.

Karen and Melanie promised to stop by again on the way back from Florida for some more fun. I can't wait.—*F.J., South Carolina*



■ FANTASY ISLAND

Gina and I have had a terrific sex life during our five years of marriage. Recently, however, it got amazingly better. During a vacation, we were drinking a few cold ones and playing cards in our hotel room. After a game or two, we both felt the effects of the beer and started discussing fantasies we had never fulfilled. Gina's fantasy was to ride my cock until I came, and then suck the leftover come off me. I had two fantasies: to fuck her in the ass and to unleash a load onto her face. She gave me a sour grin when I mentioned fucking her ass, but didn't object to taking a load on her face.

Before we both knew it, our clothes were scattered on the carpet and I was licking her wet, freshly shaved pussy. Gina comes easily when she's eaten, so within a few minutes of my oral ministrations, her mouth was wrapped around my seven-inch cock. My wife has become an excellent cocksucker in recent years,

particularly at deep-throating. She can take a whopping load into her mouth and not think twice about it.

Gina spent almost 20 minutes on me, repeatedly squeezing the base of my shaft to stop me from coming too soon, and telling me over and over how much she loves sucking my cock. She licked the pre-come that leaked from the head of my dick and let it dribble down her chin. When she finished sucking me, her face was soaked with my juice. I was rock-hard, and she had that "fuck me" look on her face. I pounded her cunt, and when I announced my imminent orgasm, she merely pointed to her face.

I pulled out of her, lifted toward her face, and squirted eight shots of come onto her beautiful lips and cheeks. One last dribble dangled from the tip of my cock. She grabbed my dick and deep-throated it, cleaning it off. Then she rolled over, her gorgeous ass up in the air, and said, "Next fantasy."

I couldn't believe it! I got hard again in less than a minute, lubed up my tool, and fucked the living hell out of my wife's fabulous asshole. Not five minutes later, my wife had another stream of come, this time dripping down her ass cheeks and out of her asshole. We've talked about that night ever since, and can't wait to try out other fantasies.—*D.F., Kentucky*

I got hard again in less than a minute, lubed up my tool, and fucked the living hell out of my wife's fabulous asshole.



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■ CLEVELAND ROCKS

In Cleveland, we're very passionate about the things we love. One of my favorites is a local rock band that recently went national. I've been to almost 40 of their concerts in the past three years. Their live shows always whip the crowd into a frenzy.

The band was putting on its last local show in Akron. I got a little lost on the way, but finally made it there. I was wearing a skimpy black fishnet top that fully showed off my tits, a short red plaid skirt with big safety pins in the pleats, black thigh-high fishnets, and black knee-high boots with four-inch heels. My spirits were high.

I immediately ran straight through to the mosh pit and pushed my way through the crowd until I was in front of the stage. I'd made it just in time. They were just about to tear down the paper curtain when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned to see a tall, sexy guy grinning at me.

"Remember me? I met you at the Christmas party."

I had no idea who he was, but I pretended to remember him. He was so hot! I gave him a hug, loving the feel of his strong arms around me, and we chatted for a few minutes.

Then the paper ripped and the band came out. My new friend wrapped his arms around my waist. It was wall-to-wall people, and I suddenly felt something pressing against my ass. At the same time, his hand slowly started sliding up my stomach, inside my shirt. I leaned back against him as he kissed and nibbled on my ear, which is absolutely my biggest turn-on.

I turned to face him, and he began caressing my mouth with his tongue.

He pressed me against the stage, unzipped his pants, and shoved himself inside me. I came again just from him entering me.

Just then, the band started playing my favorite song. I turned back to face the stage. The excitement at these shows gets me extremely horny, and this one was no exception, especially with this guy all over me. I closed my eyes, singing along and grinding my ass against his erection.

He reached under my skirt to fondle my ass and thigh. I reached back and grabbed his cock. Even through his pants there seemed to be plenty of him. I guided his other hand to my pussy, which was dripping with anticipation. I had to lean against the stage for support as his fingers worked their magic. I was hardly able to breathe. I let go of his huge, rock-hard dick and hung on for dear life while I had the most mind-blowing orgasm. For the first time ever, I screamed as I came.

He pressed me against the stage, unzipped his pants, and shoved himself inside me. I came again just from him entering me. We fucked that way, up against the stage, until the band was done.

The best part of the whole thing was that no one had a clue what we were doing, because of how tightly everyone was packed against the stage and how loud the music was. I barely remember his name, but I bet he thinks of me whenever the band comes back to town. —M.S., Ohio

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■ CLEANING THE DESKTOP

If my female coworkers ever found out that I slept with our boss, Matthew, they would go crazy. Not because they think it's sneaky or sleazy to sleep with the boss, but because they would be jealous. Matthew, the head of the accounting department, is a strong, muscular black man who is drop-dead sexy. The day he started, I got texts from every woman on our floor commenting on how hot he was, each message more inappropriate than the last. Even the head of human resources thought he was smokin'!

For months, every woman in the office threw herself at him, hoping he'd give her the time of day, but he never did. As his assistant, I spent most of my time working side-by-side with him, so I fielded dozens of questions from coworkers who were looking to get in his pants.

Last week, though, I was offered a promotion—on Matthew's recommendation—by the president of our company. I accepted and promised to finish all my assignments before I moved into the new position in our Los Angeles office. Matthew and I worked late every night, getting all my files closed and going over résumés to try to find Matthew a new assistant. Friday was my last day, and even though my boss offered to finish things up himself so I could leave at five and celebrate, I volunteered to stay. I didn't want to leave him in the lurch, especially since he still hadn't found a new assistant.

I was filing the last of the paperwork I'd been responsible for when Matthew approached me. He had a strange gleam in his eyes, one I'd never seen before, and I wondered what was going on. I turned to see what he wanted, but I didn't get a chance to ask him, because as soon as I was facing him, he grabbed me and kissed me. His lips were hot and bruising, and his tongue pushed right into my mouth, barely waiting for my lips to part to grant him entrance. For a minute I kissed him back, not thinking about anything except how good his mouth felt against mine, but I quickly pushed him away.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

Matthew laughed. "I know you want me," he said. "You may not have spent the past six months hinting at it like your colleagues, but I can tell."

"Oh, really?" I asked, annoyed with his certainty but also aroused.

"It's okay," he said. "I've had a hard time thinking of anything else



since I started working here."

Now I was intrigued. He wanted me? I could work with that. Before he could say one more cocky thing, I grabbed him and kissed him again, pushing my tongue into his mouth and deepening the kiss. He responded immediately, his hands wrapping around my waist to pull me closer.

I was in control for only a few moments before Matthew took charge again. He wrapped his arms around me more tightly, hiked up my dress, and lifted me to sit on his desk. My ass slid across the files that lay there, and I felt the papers ripping and wrinkling under me. For the first time since meeting Matthew, though, work was the last thing on my mind, and I

He licked me once, twice, three times, then he replaced his tongue with his fingers and furiously finger-banged me.

didn't give the papers a second thought once he reached between my legs to feel how wet I was.

The air-conditioning in our office was broken, so I'd gone sans panties that day to keep cool. Matthew looked shocked when his hand touched nothing but flesh, and I smirked when I saw his reaction. It stopped him in his tracks, but only for a moment. He took a second to stare in disbelief, then squatted down in front of me, spread my legs, and leaned in to get a taste. He licked me once, twice, three times, and my legs shook from the momentary pleasure. But he didn't stay there long. After only several laps, he replaced his tongue with his fingers and furiously finger-banged me as he stared up into my eyes.

My fingers were wrapped around the edge of the desk and my knuckles were turning white as I gripped it

fiercely. He didn't let up, though, and his hand pumped quickly between my legs as he worked to bring me to climax. I was biting my lip to keep from making too much noise, but when he hit just the right spot, I couldn't stay quiet. I screamed out loud, not caring if anyone was around to hear me. Matthew clearly knew about more than just accounting, and he was definitely proving to be as good a lover as my coworkers had dreamed.

Matthew didn't stop there. When my pussy was a frothy mess of my own juices and I was panting hard and trying to catch my breath from that amazing orgasm, he stood up, pulled at my knees so I slid to the edge of the desk—taking all his files with me—and unzipped his pants. He'd gone commando, too, and his thick black shaft eagerly sprung free. All those stories about black men having big dicks? They're true. Matthew had the largest cock I'd ever seen, and I groaned when I saw it, the idea of taking it up my cunt making me hot.

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He stood there for a minute, quietly watching me as I admired his cock, then stepped between my spread thighs, aimed at my opening, and slammed into me.

Oh, my God! His cock was so thick that I felt every inch of it as it slid between my cunt lips. I was so wet that he thrust in quickly and was immediately buried to the balls. He went from zero to 60 in no time, and without even a momentary pause, he began banging into me.

As he fucked me, we kissed, and he groped my breasts through my dress and bra while I hastily unbuttoned his shirt. There'd been such a rush to start fucking that we'd forgotten about getting naked, and now we were struggling with buttons and zippers as we tried to undress each other. It was more difficult that way, but we managed, and I was able to rake my nails over Matthew's chest while he sucked on my nipples. None of our attempts at getting closer got in the way of the exquisite fucking he was giving me, though, and my pussy was throbbing as my excitement grew.

My ass was sliding back and forth on the desk, ripping apart the papers beneath me and destroying hours of work. But I didn't care. I was getting the fuck of a lifetime, and even if I'd been able to think straight I wouldn't have worried about the damage we were doing. Matthew's cock was hitting all the right spots, and each thrust sent shivers of pleasure up my spine. In a matter of minutes, I was on the verge of a major climax.

I bucked my hips as much as I could, trying to bring myself to the edge. It took only a few more thrusts to get

His cock was so thick that I felt every inch as it slid between my cunt lips. I was so wet, he was immediately buried to the balls.

me off, and I screamed excitedly—thanking God and Matthew and begging for more as I orgasmed. It felt like I came for an hour before Matthew finally climaxed, and when he did, I came again. It was amazing!

We didn't stop moving until we'd both reached the end of our orgasms, and then we panted and gasped as we tried to recover. When we'd calmed down some, we surveyed the damage: His desk was a disaster! Everything we'd worked so hard to organize had been crumpled, ripped, or was in a mess on the floor. *Oops.*

Matthew told me not to worry about it. "Go celebrate, I'll deal with this on Monday," he insisted.

"I think I've done all the celebrating I can handle for one night," I replied, making him laugh. But I did take him up on the offer to head out. I still had some last-minute packing to do before the movers came in the morning.

I still work with Matthew on an almost daily basis, but now it's via phone and email, so nothing else has transpired. And I've definitely kept my mouth shut about it when it comes to talking with my coworkers. Like I said, I'm not worried about them thinking I'm slutty. I just don't want to ruin their fantasies by telling them I've had what they all want. —L.W., California

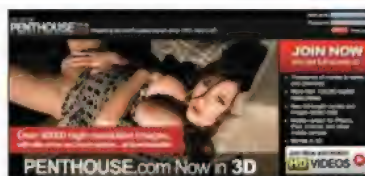
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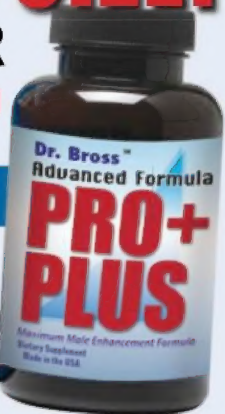
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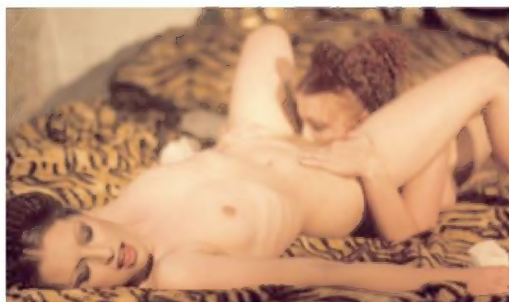
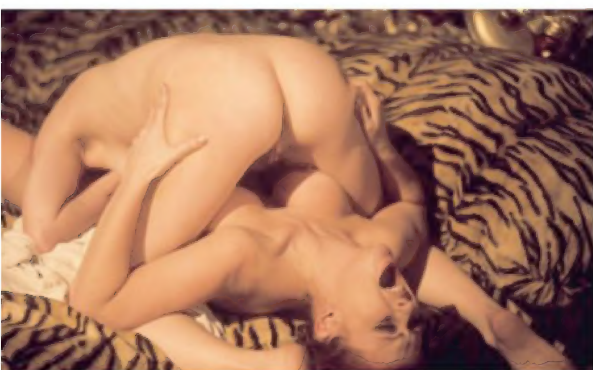
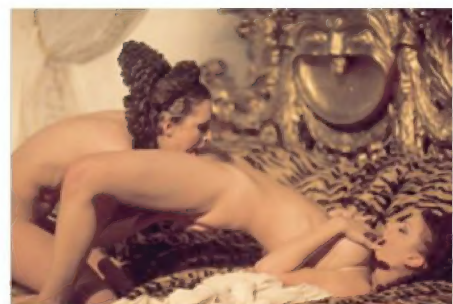
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When in Rome

As soon as we started working on our "In Memoriam" piece on writer Gore Vidal (see page 10), our thoughts went to the girl-girl scene, starring Pets Annela Di Lorenzo and Lori Wagner, that came between Vidal and *Penthouse* founder Bob Guccione. Vidal may have resented the scene's inclusion in the film, but it's our favorite part ... and worth celebrating one more time.



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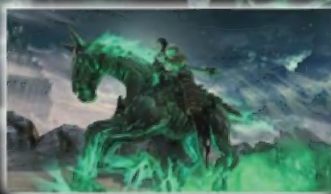
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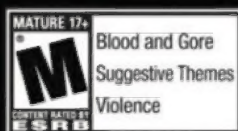
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